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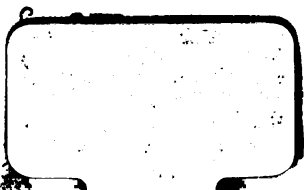
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OF
READING LESSON BOOKS.

CHEAP AND ABRIDGED EDITION

FOR
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

IN SIX BOOKS.

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PREFACE.

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THE EDITOR.



Miscellaneous.



Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper for filling up empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors.

ADDISON.

Were I to pray for a taste which should stand by me under every variety of circumstances—cheer me through life and shield me against its ills—it would be a taste for reading.

HERSCHEL.

Habits of inattention may, in most cases, be traced to a want of curiosity: such habits, therefore, are to be corrected, not by endeavouring to force the attention, but by placing things in an interesting point of view.

DUGALD STEWART

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY OF NAVARRE.

THE first time I saw our great and good king was when he was a boy. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. I had gone to see my friends in the mountains of Bearn, at the foot of the Pyrenees...One day as I was rambling over the hills, I came upon some peasant boys at play; they were merry, hardy little fellows, and soon enticed me to join them in their sport. All of them were bare-headed and bare-footed, and dressed in the coarse clothes of the peasant, but very active, and full of glee... One boy particularly struck me, from the great activity he displayed, and the bold daring manner in which he led on his companions to fresh exploits; the energy of his boyish character delighted me, for I was then a young soldier, and I thought what a fine brave trooper* he would make in a few years...His countenance was most beautiful: perfect good-humor, sincerity, and kindness of heart were depicted there. The animation of his features, the sparkling glance of his bright eye, the ardor with which he pressed forward to take his part in the feats of skill, or trials of strength, showed that he possessed

“The will to do, the soul to dare.”

His foot slipped once in the race, and he fell on some sharp stones; but though bruised and bleeding, he paid no heed to it,—not a shade crossed his features: he was up again in an instant, and soon outstripped his companions.

“He is a noble fellow,” thought I, “but perhaps he has not much feeling.” Presently, another boy was accidentally hit with a stone on the cheek, which bled, and the little fellow

* *Trooper*, cavalry- or horse-soldier.

could not restrain his tears and expressions of pain...His companion, Henry, instantly left his play to go to him, and in the kindest and gentlest manner endeavoured to soothe him; taking from his pocket an apple, which he gave him, telling him in a cheerful manner he was quite sure it would do him good. I saw he had a kind and compassionate heart...At length, they all sat down to eat their dinner, their appetites sharpened by the mountain breeze and the exercise they had been taking. The meal consisted of coarse brown bread and cheese, with garlic; each boy having brought his own portion. I never witnessed a merrier repast...The hardy little mountaineers, their cheeks glowing with exercise and mirthfulness, enjoyed their humble fare as much, aye more, than a monarch does his dainties. They talked over their feats of the morning with boyish exultation*, and many a merry shout of laughter made the hills re-echo with the sound...As they insisted on my joining them, I sat down, and in return for their hospitality, told them some stories of the battles in which I had been engaged, to which Henry listened with almost breathless attention...His quick eye noticed, in the course of the meal, that one of his young companions had but a very small portion of food for his share. Drawing him aside, Henry obliged him to take more than half his own bread and cheese, making at the same time an expressive gesture of silence...It was done so quietly and quickly, that no one but myself observed the occurrence. I could have pressed the noble child to my heart, but would not spoil such an act by remarking on it.

"I must go now," said Henry, after eating the remainder of his bread and cheese; "I see by my shadow it is time for me to be at my studies; adieu, my friends!" And with his usual ardor, he descended the mountain with the agility of a young chamois; his bare little feet dashing over the obstacles which lay in his way, while his clear voice was to be heard singing a song.

"What does he mean by his studies?" I asked, "and who is that boy?"

"That is Henry, Prince of Navarre," was the reply,

* *Exultation*, lively joy, rapturous delight.

"and he has to study every day for some hours with his tutors at the Castle."

Yes; that noble, generous, kind-hearted boy, grew up to be a noble, generous, kind-hearted man. Scorning the very thought of deceit or falsehood as a child, he scorned it as a king. Accustomed to witness the privations of the peasantry when young, he endeavoured to relieve their sufferings when he grew up to manhood...Brought up to endure hunger and thirst, fatigue and pain, without complaining, his constitution became most hardy and vigorous; whilst the athletic exercises of his boyish days prepared him to be, what he afterwards became, a first-rate soldier on the field of battle.

Sully's Memoirs : Stories from Eur. Hist.

A SKATING EXCURSION.

TIME flies on; we have had much rain; the streets have been muddy, the people dull: but now fair weather comes out of the north, and the beautiful river Raisin is again sheeted in its icy mail. For a week past great preparations have been made by some two dozen boys for a skating excursion to a certain lighthouse on Lake Erie, situated about ten miles from Monroe...We have seen that our skates are in first-rate order, and Tom Brown, an ancient negro, who was the "guide, counsellor, and friend" of every Monroe boy, has promised to awaken us all, and usher in the eventful morning by a blast from his old tin horn; so that when bed-time comes, we have nothing to do but say our prayers and enjoy a refreshing sleep.

It is the break-of-day, and bitterly cold. The appointed signal is given, the various dreams of many a happy youth are departed; each one has partaken of a hearty breakfast, and the whole party are now assembled upon the ice "below the bridge"...Then follows the bustle of preparation. Some are slow in buckling on their skates, others slap their hands together to keep them warm; the smartest and most impatient are cutting their names or certain fantastic figures on the ice, as a proof of what we may expect from them in the way of fine skating...Presently

we are drawn up in a line to listen to the parting words of "Snowball Tom." At the conclusion of his speech, a long and loud blast issues from the old tin horn, which we answer by a laugh and a louder shout, and like a band of unbroken colts, we spring to the race upon the icy plain.

Away, away, away! Long and regular are the sweeps we take, and how dolefully does the poor river groan as the ice cracks from shore to shore, while we flee over its surface "like a rushing mighty wind!" Keen and piercingly cold is the morning breeze, but what matter? Is not the blood of healthy happy boyhood coursing through our veins?... Now we glide along the shore, scaring a lot of cattle, or the horses of some farmer, who is giving them their morning drink; now we pass the picturesque abodes of the Canadian peasantry, partly hidden by venerable trees, though at present stripped of their leafy honors; now we give chase to a surprised dog returning from the midnight assassination* of some helpless sheep; now we pass the last vestige of humanity upon the river, which is the log cabin of an old French fisherman and hunter; and now we pass a group of little islands, with a thick coating of snow upon their bosoms, and their ten thousand beautiful bushes and whispering trees...Already have we more than measured the distance of two leagues outside of Pleasant Bay, and our course is on the broad bosom of Lake Erie, with an unbroken field of solid ice before us, far as the eye can reach... The frozen pavement along which our skates are ringing is black as the element beneath, and so transparent, that where the water is not more than ten or twenty feet in depth, we can distinctly see sunken logs, clusters of slimy rocks, and shoals of fish, balancing themselves in sleep, or darting about their domain in sport... But these pictures are for some other time; now we are speeding with the breeze and cannot tarry. Away, away, away!

For another hour we bowl along; now pausing to get a little breath, and now gazing with curious eyes into the gloomy forest, fringing the water's edge. At twelve o'clock we have reached the desired haven; our feet are gladly re-

* *Assassination*, secret, clandestine murder.

leased, and we are the welcome guests of mine host of the lighthouse...By some the peculiar features of the lonely place are examined; while others, who have an eye for the picturesque, ascend to the top of the lighthouse for a view of the frozen lake, reposing in unbroken solitude...The curiosity of all being satisfied, we assemble in the comfortable parlor of our entertainer, and await the dinner-hour. A jovial time then follows; many a joke is cracked, and many a twice-told legend of the wilderness related; a sumptuous dinner is enjoyed...The evening hours approaching, we begin to think of home, and by the time the heavens are flooded with the light of the moon and stars we have taken our departure and are upon our skates once more...Without meeting with a single accident, and cheered by many a gay song as we glide over the frozen wave—at the usual hour we are in our warm beds.

Lanman.

JACK, THE NEWSPAPER BOY.

No matter whether it rains, hails, or snows,—if the wind be north-east or altogether easterly,—the newsman's boy, or, as he is generally called, "the Paper-Boy," may be seen trudging either before or facing the bitter blast—a mere atom, a shred, for the storm to sport with; and yet one of the great circulating mediums of information to mighty England... The paper-boys in the suburbs are generally little lads between the ages of nine and fourteen. What becomes of them after that period nobody knows, and nobody cares; that is, nobody of the reading public, to whom they have supplied the current news of the day... In general, each belongs to some poor widowed room-keeper, who is expected to bring up six children decently, soberly, and honestly, by the labor of her scalded hands; or perhaps the child rises from some underground cellar, like little Jack James, the very model for all paper-boys.

Little Jack has been *little* Jack to my certain knowledge for the last five years; during which period he has not grown two inches... His mother kept a mangle somewhere in Little Chelsea; and this mangle might be heard creaking

and groaning beneath your feet as you passed the damp and broken steps that led to her dwelling... A sheet of paper was wafered against the top pane of a window on a level with the street; and on this sheet of paper was written :
"Mangling done here by my Mother—Jack James."

Jack invariably paused to look at this specimen of his proficiency in penmanship as he passed it on his return home on Sunday afternoons,—the only time in fact he could see it; for he left his den before daylight, and never got back to it until long after night fall... His little feet in the morning came softly up these broken steps, lest he should disturb his mother; and he often paused, and endeavoured to look through the window, to see if she were sleeping, then thrust his hands as deep as he could into his pockets,—nestled his face into the red worsted "comforter" that was round his neck, and trudged to his occupation... Sometimes beguiling his way with a low murmuring whistle, indicating that his acquaintance with "Jim Crow" or "Rule Britannia" was not of a very intimate nature, though he had some remote idea of how the tune went; but in general he was sleepy and uncomfortable, and his thoughts dwelt upon the happiness people must enjoy who never get up until ten o'clock, and then eat as much and as long as they like.

Frequently he was not only obliged to distribute the papers in his master's neighbourhood, but to tramp into the Strand, Fleet Street, and Printing-house Square* for them,—through the mist, and mud, and misery of a November fog or mid-winter frost... By the time he got back with his weighty burden, the morning was pretty far advanced... You may always recognise him now by the huge bundle of papers which he carries under his arm; by his rabbit-skin cap strapped beneath his chin in winter, and the ears rather carefully tied back in summer with a piece of black knotted tape; by his looking more important than other boys, and idling rather less—though even the paper-boy will linger at a confectioner's window, and pause at a printshop... Indeed I have discovered little Jack surveying the dimensions of a paper kite with evident astonishment and

*Office of *The Times*.

pleasure; and upon being asked if he ever had one, he shook his head and said, "he sometimes saw one in the air; but he never had *no* time for play."

Jack goes about his occupation like a man of business; he shouts "Paper!" before he rings the gate-bell; and gives, for his size, a good pull; then repeats it,— "Pa—per!"... Servants seldom answer a bell quickly before two, knowing they cannot be "company-rings;" they always grumble at being kept waiting themselves, but do not feel for persons in their own sphere of life. You often hear them say, "Oh, it's only the paper-boy; he can wait"... If he rings again, he is pretty sure of a reproof. "What a hurry you're in, indeed! You want to make up for the time you spend in leaping over the *postesses*." This hint makes Jack hang his head; for, if he has a weakness that tempts him to loiter, it is that he is certainly fond of leaping over a post, or sometimes laying a hand thereon and swinging round it.

Mrs. S. C. Hall.

THOSE SCRAPS OF MUTTON!

"THOSE scraps of mutton!" said I to myself; "those scraps of mutton!" as I passed a butcher's shop in the city. I could not but notice how differently the rich and the poor were provided for.

There were hanging up in front, and spread out on benches covered with clean cloths inside the shop, quarters, sirloins, and rounds of beef, with saddles of mutton, haunches, and other joints of the very first quality. Just at the moment came up to the shop a good-looking, light-hearted, broad-breasted man in a white waistcoat, jingling his gold seals, and making a low half-whistling sound with his mouth...He looked carelessly at the prime joints, bargained for a sirloin, a haunch, and a tongue, obtained a little abatement,—more, I suspect, because it was business-like, than for any other reason,—and walked on in the direction of the Exchange, thinking, I believed, no more of the money he had paid than he did of the penny which

a minute before he had given to the sweeper of the crossing.

But while the light-hearted, white-waistcoated man thus bargained for the prime joints on the benches covered with clean cloths, I observed another bench which had no cloth at all upon it. It stood at one end outside the shop, almost like a separate concern...Hardly need I say that it was intended for the poor. It had upon it scarcely anything else than scraps of mutton.

The white-waistcoated man, I verily think, never saw them, never knew that they were there. If he had, he was as likely a looking man as any one I know to have given a hundred of them away to the poor. It is often rather want of thought than unkindness, that keeps the wealthy from performing deeds of charity. "Those scraps of mutton!" thought I; "those scraps of mutton!"

A poor, meek-looking woman, with famine in her face, passed by with an old basket in her hand, and she paused and looked at the scraps of meat wishfully, then ventured to lift up one of them, to turn it round, and to ask the price. I warrant you, by its appearance, that it had been handled by twenty people at least before her...The poor woman shook her head at the price, and walked slowly on. She returned, however, in a little time, and made a bidding, when the good-humored butcher told her to take it and make it out to him another time...But though this poor woman bore away her scrap of mutton, many others did not do so who appeared to be in as much need as she was. Some who had short tempers told the butcher that he ought to be ashamed to ask poor creatures so much for such wretched scraps; others went away in silence; and one tall, thin, sharp-faced man, very dirty and very ragged, seemed quite ready to beg, to borrow, or to steal...In a word, I saw in a little time a great deal of misery, and walked away with a heavy heart. "Those scraps of mutton!" said I, musing as I went along; "those scraps of mutton!"

Old Humphrey's Half Hours.

FEMALE HEROISM.

UPON the banks of the river Elkhorn, in the State of Kentucky, there was once a stockade fort* to which the settlers frequently resorted as a place of refuge from the savages... Its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers† against the allied Indians of Ohio, led by two renegade‡ white men, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the West.

The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, in a moment, a thousand rifles gleamed in the corn-fields one summer's night... That very evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms, to march to the relief of another station that was similarly invested.§ It was a fearful moment: an hour earlier, and the pioneers would have been cut off; an hour later, and their defenceless wives and daughters must have been butchered or carried into captivity, while their natural protectors were hurrying to the rescue of others... The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not favorable to them; and having failed in surprising the Kentuckians, they attempted to decoy them from their fastness by presenting themselves in small parties before it... The whites were too wise to risk a battle till help should arrive, so they resolved to stand a siege. But the fort, which was merely a collection of log cabins, arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water, and the besieged were aware that the enemy had concealed his real force in ambush near a neighbouring spring... The sagacity of a backwoodsman is sometimes more than a match for the cunning of an Indian; and the heroism of a woman may baffle the address of a warrior... The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring. But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder expedient, and woman's fortitude never carried one

* *Stockade fort*, a fort defended by a line of stakes, or palisades.

† *Pioneers*, those who go first and pave the way for settlers.

‡ *Renegade*, an apostate, a deserter; here applied to a white man who had joined the Indians, and adopted their manners and customs.

§ *Invested*, surrounded by an enemy; beleaguered.

more hazardous into successful execution...These brave women, being in the habit of fetching the water every morning, saw that if armed men were now to take that duty upon them, the Indians would see that their ambuscade had been discovered, and instantly commence the assault, which, in that case, it would be useless to protract.

Morning came, and the random shots of the decoy party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they apprehended no enemy in that quarter. Could anything be more appalling than the task before them?...But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate; they advance with composure in a body to the spring; they are within shot of five hundred warriors...The slightest alarm will betray them; if they show any consciousness of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other till each fills her bucket in succession...The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet; their movements soon become more agitated; and are at last hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the shrieks of the wounded Indians around the spring, was at once a signal that the women were safe, and of the triumph of the white men. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with fury upon the rifles of the pioneers...But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians were foiled, and they withdrew their forces; but on counting the number of their slain, they burned with vengeance, and rallied once more to the fight. They were again and again repulsed...Assistance at last came to the pioneers, and the savages were compelled to retreat to their wildwood haunts once more.

C. F. Hoffman.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR KANG-HI.

THE Emperor Kang-Hi was in his youth remarkable for his sincere love of his subjects, and his strong feeling of justice; and he never failed to protect the innocent, and to punish the vices of the mandarins.* Being one day engaged in hunting—the favorite diversion of the Tartars †—he had left his attendants, and proceeding along a lonely road, saw an old man sitting on the ground, and weeping bitterly. The young Emperor alighted from his horse, went up to the man, and asked the cause of his sorrow.

“Since your good heart disposes you to inquire into the cause of my misery, I will tell you, master,” was the reply... “I had a little property in the neighbourhood of the imperial residence. The governor of the palace found my estate to his liking, and seized upon it, and has reduced me to beg my bread...I had a son, too, who might have been the support of my old age, but the governor has taken him to make him a slave. These things are the cause of my tears.”

The young Emperor took the two hands of the unfortunate man in his, and said, “Calm your grief, venerable old man. This imperial palace—is it far from here?”

“Five miles, master.”

“Very well; let us come together, and ask the governor to restore to you your property and your son.”

“Ah! master,” cried the old man, in a tone of despair, “have I not told you that this wicked man is the governor of an imperial palace? It would not be safe either for you or me to go to him. We should get nothing but insults and ill-treatment.”

“Take courage,” said the Emperor; “I am determined to take this step, and I hope it will lead to good.”

The old man remarked the frank and noble deportment of the young unknown, and began to feel more confidence, and he then said that he was ready to accompany his protector to the imperial palace; “but,” he added, “I shall delay you a long time, master, for I am old, and I cannot follow the steps of your horse.”

* *Mandarin*, a Chinese magistrate or official.

† *Tartars*: the Mongol Tartars are sovereign over the Chinese proper, and the blood royal has long been Tartar.

"That is true," said Kang-Hi; "you have attained to a venerable age, but I am young and strong; so you shall mount my horse, and I will walk."

The old man, however, would not accept this offer, and Kang-Hi, therefore, had recourse to the expedient of taking him up behind him, and they were proceeding in this manner when some mandarins of the imperial suite came up...The sovereign addressed to them a few words in the Tartar language, and they retired, although not without often turning to observe the singular situation of their young Emperor...When the pair arrived at the imperial palace, Kang-Hi demanded to see the governor, and when he appeared, the sovereign dropped off his hunting dress, and showed the imperial dragon that he wore embroidered on his breast...The governor fell on his knees, and the old man tremblingly threw himself at the feet of his protector, who raised him with great affability. At this moment the mandarins and the grand dignitaries, who had been following the chase, issued from a valley, and came to range themselves round their imperial master. Kang-Hi determined to make this brilliant throng the witnesses of the punishment of the wicked mandarin...After having reproached him bitterly, he ordered him to be beheaded, and then addressing himself to the old man, who stood as if petrified, the Emperor said—"Venerable old man, I restore to you the son and the estate which were taken from you, and from this moment I appoint you governor of this palace; but take care that prosperity effects no change in your feelings, in your conduct, or another may one day profit by your injustice."

Such, according to the annals, was the young Emperor, who, at the period of which we are speaking—in the second quarter of the seventeenth century—had just commenced his reign, and who was soon to become the protector of religious liberties.

Huc.

MY BIRTHDAY.

It is high time to write on my birthday, for my grey hairs tell me there must need be some uncertainty as to its return. An hour ago the postman gave his spirited double rap, and my table is tolerably well covered with letters and packages, the winged messengers of friendship, and the kind offerings of affection...Every reader must have some interest in his own birthday, and in that of his friends; I will adapt myself, then, both to the merry and the mournful hearted.

A birthday in youth and prime is usually a sunshiny season; but as the sun of life declines, the returning period brings with it more earnest thought and more serious feeling...An old man can hardly avoid looking before and behind him; and thus, while young people on their birthdays, with their faces lit up with smiles, think only of the present, the aged on such occasions, with graver countenances, reflect on the past and the future...This is as it should be. Age may be cheerful and yet thoughtful, and not to be the latter would supply a much more reasonable cause of regret than not being the former.

A birthday is oftentimes a harvest day of affectionate remembrances and tokens of goodwill. Would that on this day I could give to others half the gratification that others have given me. How kindly do I feel toward my several correspondents, whose communications are full of free-hearted desires for my welfare!

Birthdays include all days in the calendar*, for there is not one in the revolving year that is not a holiday to some rejoicing heart, or a day of mournful recollection to some sorrowing one...Parents rejoice in the birthdays of their children, and children in those of their parents. A fond mother remembers with tears that it is the natal day of a son who is abroad, perhaps tossing on the billowy deep, or settled in some distant locality; and an affectionate father calls to mind with a sob, which he vainly tries to suppress, that it is the birthday of a dear daughter in heaven,—a day once kept so joyfully...Our birthdays while we are here will be remembered by ourselves, and perhaps when we are gone they will be borne in mind by others.

* *Calendar*, register of the months &c. of the year; *almanac*.

Who is there that has not, on many occasions, wished that he could soar toward the skies and look down on the manifold pursuits and occupations of mankind? Could I now see the yearly jubilee of others' birthdays, what a chequered* scene would be spread out before me!...Hundreds who win their bread by daily toil are too much occupied in the hard, every day duties and cares of life to think much of their birthdays; while others are altogether absorbed by the return of a season which brings to them so much of pleasure.

There rises in my memory a birthday scene, in which a rosy band of cottage children were the happy actors. It was in a dreamy nook, a worn-out quarry, sheltered from the hot sunbeams; a peaceful place, garlanded with wood-bines and hanging plants, and where all day long were heard the hum of bees and songs of joyous birds...Around it grew straggling brambles laden with blackberries. There, grouped together, the happy-hearted children enjoyed their mimic feast, their acorn cups before them. Just as I looked down upon them from the high banks above, a sister wreathed her arms about the neck of her chubby-cheeked little brother...Amid many fair things, those children were the fairest. Love reigned among them, and the kiss went round. It was a gladdening sight, for that childish revel had in it a more real pleasure—

“A joy more sweet, and innocent, and pure,
Than wealth can buy, or festive halls secure.”

Old Humphrey.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

In India the inhabitants are very fond of watching the tricks of jugglers and sleight-of-hand performers, and the men who practise this employment attain great skill, and do things which European travellers look upon with astonishment and admiration. Some of their feats are astounding...An English gentleman, who witnessed the performances of a company of jugglers at the court of one of the native princes, has given an interesting account of them:—

One of the men, taking a large earthen vessel with a

* *Chequered*, variegated, diversified (with contrasts of color).

capacious mouth, filled it with water and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out, but the moment it was placed with the mouth upwards it always became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose... This being done, he desired that one of the party would fill it. His request was granted, but when he reversed the jar not a drop of water flowed, and, upon turning it, to our astonishment, it was empty... So skilfully were these deceptions managed, that though every one was allowed to examine the jar freely, no one could detect anything that would solve the mystery. It was a rough-looking vessel, made of the common earthenware of the country, and, to show there was nothing peculiar about it, it was broken in our presence, and the pieces handed round for inspection.

A man then took a small bag full of brass balls, which he threw one by one into the air, to the number of thirty five. None of them appeared to return. When he had discharged the last there was a pause of full a minute... He then made a variety of motions with his hands, at the same time uttering a kind of wild chant. In a few seconds the balls were seen to fall, one by one, until the whole of them were replaced in the bag. This was repeated at least half-a-dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while he was playing this curious trick... The next performer spread upon the ground a cloth about the size of a sheet. After a while it seemed to be gradually raised, and upon taking it up there appeared three pine apples growing under it, which were cut and presented to the spectators. This is considered a common juggle, and yet to us it is perfectly inexplicable.

A tall athletic man now advanced and threw himself upon the ground. After performing several strange antics, he placed his head downwards, with his heels in the air, raised his arms, and crossed them over upon his breast, balancing himself all the while upon his head. A cup, containing sixteen brass balls, was now put into his hands; these he took and threw severally into the air. He kept the whole sixteen in constant motion, crossing them, and causing them to describe all kinds of figures, without al-

lowing one to reach the ground... When he had thus shown his dexterity for a few minutes, a slight man approached, climbed up his body with singular agility, and stood upright upon the inverted feet of the performer, who was still upon his head. A second cup, containing sixteen balls, was handed to the smaller man, who began throwing them till the whole were in the air... Thirty-two balls were now in motion, and the rays of the sun falling upon their polished surfaces, the jugglers appeared in the midst of a shower of gold. The effect was singular, and the dexterity displayed by the men quite amazing. They were as steady as if they had been turned into stone, and no motion, save that of their arms and hands, was visible... At length, the upper man having caught all his balls and replaced them in the cup, sprang upon the ground, and his companion was almost as quickly upon his legs.

After a short pause, the man who had before exhibited himself with his body reversed, planted his feet close together, and, standing upright like a column, the smaller juggler climbed his body as before, and placing the crown of his own head upon that of his companion, raised his legs into the air, thus exactly reversing the late position of the two performers... At first they held each other's hands until they were completely balanced, when they let go, the upper man waving his arms in all directions to show the steadiness of his position. The legs were kept apart sometimes, one being bent while the other remained erect, but the body did not seem to waver for a single instant... After they had been in this position for about a minute, the balls were again put into their hands, and the whole thirty-two kept in motion in the air as before. It was remarkable that, during the entire time they were thrown, no two of them ever came in contact, a proof of the marvellous skill displayed.

When they had done with the balls, the upper man took a number of small cylindrical * pieces of steel, two inches long. Several of these he placed upon his nose, producing a slender rod full a foot in length, which, in spite of his difficult position, he balanced so steadily that not one of the

* *Cylindrical*, shape of a pencil.

pieces fell...He then crossed the taper column with a flat bar of copper, half an inch wide and four inches long. Upon this he fixed one of his little cylinders, and on the top of that a slight spear, the whole of which he balanced with perfect steadiness, finally taking off every separate piece and throwing it upon the ground...This concluded the wonderful show. Grasping the hands of his companion, as before, the little man sprang upon his feet and made a parting bow to the gallery.

Anon.

POOR DIGGS!

THE quarter-to-ten bell rang, and the small boys went off upstairs, praising their champion and counsellor, who stretched himself out on the bench before the hall fire. There he lay, a very queer specimen of boyhood, by name Diggs...He was young for his size, and very clever. His friends at home, having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, had not put him into tails, and even his jackets were always too small, and he had a talent for destroying clothes and making himself look shabby...He was not intimate with any of the bigger boys, who were warned off by his oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, among other failings, he had that of lack of cash in a remarkable degree...He brought as much money as other boys to school, but got rid of it in no time, no one knew how. And then, being also reckless, he borrowed from any one; and when his debts increased and creditors pressed, he would have an auction in the hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study-table...For weeks after one of these auctions, having rendered his study uninhabitable, he would live about the school-room and hall, doing his exercises on old letter backs and odd scraps of paper, and learning his lessons no one knew how...He never meddled with any little boy, and was popular among them, though they all looked upon him with a sort of compassion, and called him "poor Diggs," not being able to resist appear-

ances...However, he seemed equally indifferent to the sneers of big boys and the pity of small ones, and lived his own queer life with much apparent enjoyment to himself.

Greatly were East and Tom drawn towards old Diggs, who, in an uncouth way, began to take a good deal of notice of them, and once or twice came to their study when Flashman, the bully of the school, was there, who immediately decamped in consequence. The boys thought that Diggs must have been watching.

When, therefore, about this time, an auction was one night announced to take place in the hall, at which, amongst the superfluities of other boys, all Diggs' household goods for the time being were going to the hammer, East and Tom devoted their ready cash (some four shillings sterling) to redeem, on behalf of their protector, such articles as that sum would cover...Accordingly, they duly attended to bid, and Tom became the owner of two lots of Diggs' things. Lot 1, price one and threepence, consisted (as the auctioneer remarked) of a "valuable assortment of old metals," in the shape of a mouse-trap, a cheese-toaster without a handle, and a saucepan; lot 2, of a dirty tablecloth and green baize curtain...East, for one and sixpence, purchased a leather paper case, with a lock, but no key, once handsome, but now much the worse for wear...But they had still the point to settle of how to get Diggs to take the things without hurting his feelings. This they solved by leaving them in his study, which was never locked when he was out...Diggs remembered who had bought the lots, and came to their study soon after, and sat silent for some time cracking his great red finger-joints...Then he laid hold of their exercises, and began looking over and correcting them, and at last got up, and, turning his back to them, said—"You're uncommon good-hearted little beggars, you two. I value that paper-case; my sister gave it me last holidays—I won't forget;" and so tumbled out into the passage, leaving them embarrassed but not sorry that he knew what they had done.

Tom Brown's Schooldays.

NEVER HEED IT.

"WELL, it's too bad intirely, Moyna Murphy, and I wonder at ye, to make such a bother about a thing that's not the worth of a *traneen*.* Moyna darling, can't ye do as I do, and never heed it?"

Moyna, a bright-eyed damsel, with rosy lips and white teeth, made no reply to the words of her brother, but proceeded rapidly and steadily with her work....This work, I am grieved to say (for Moyna being an especial favorite of mine, I should be glad to see her a favorite with my friends), was not only a very ungraceful, but a very unfeminine one, being no other than thatching, or rather mending the thatch, of a pig-sty!

Michael and Moyna Murphy had lost their parents at a very early age, and had lived together happy and tolerably independent in a small cottage at no great distance from the disagreeable and ugly village of Bally-hack. Michael was a weaver, and a good one; and Moyna, light-hearted, merry Moyna, was anything—everything—a creature formed to prove, in her humble sphere, at all events, that women are positive blessings...Where the girl got her intelligence I know not, for she had been her own mistress ever since she was fourteen: her neighbours explained the fact after their own fashion, by saying, "that the girleen always had a turn to the good;"—and for once, I believe, they were correct.

I do not know what Michael could have done without her; although he was, on the whole, himself industrious,—that is to say, he worked at his loom the whole day long; but as soon as six o'clock came, down went the shuttle, the shirt-sleeves were deliberately unrolled, the cutty tobacco-pipe lighted...If it was summer, Mike placed his shoulder against the door-post, folded his arms, crossed his legs, so as to rest one by standing on the other, and thus smoked his pipe till the sun had set. If it was the winter season, why he shouldered the settle instead of the door-post, and scolded his sister for being ever at work...No earthly power could force, no earthly argument induce Michael Murphy

* *Traneen*, straw.

to do "a hand's turn" to the potato-garden, or replace thatch, stone, or mortar, in or about his little cottage: whatever happened ill, his constant cry was, "Never heed it."

"Brother darling," said Moyna, when, having finished her task on the rustic roof, she descended and arranged her dress for their simple supper, "there's the gate of the garden always swinging open for want of a good stout post; I've skinned my hands trying to make one, and can't."

"And what harm, Moyna honey? *never heed it.*"

"Batt's pigs, to say nothing of our own *boneen**, may get in."

"Well, if they do, *never heed it*; it's not much harm they can do, the craythurs, at this season. I'm ashamed of ye, Moyna, to be so mean as to grudge a pratee to a neighbour's pig."

"But, Mike, you might as well do that as stand there for two good hours in the blessed daylight doing nothing. I don't ever ask ye to quit the loom; only ye might as ay turn your hand to the post as to the pipe."

"Whisht, girl! I've done my day's work, and I'll do no more. What do women know about sich things? Why, ye ignorant mortal, this is evening, not daylight,—can't ye see the differ? And the least thing I may have is a morsel of recreation; that's the thanks I gets, to have posts and pigs and pratees thrown in my teeth by the likes o' you! Why, I say again to ye, *never heed it.*"

"Mike *darling*, Mike!" returned the affectionate sister, "I heard one say, who knows a *dale* about the good and bad of everything, that them words does more harm than enough to the likes of us."

"What words?"

"Why, such by-words as ye'r after."

"What do ye mean?"

"The words, 'We'll see about it,' and 'Never heed it,' and 'Time enough,' and such like. I heard tell of two fairies once—dawny sparkling things, with eyes like diamonds, and teeth like pearl, and skin like new curd. They were both beautiful; but one was wise, and the other foolish; and yet, for all that, they were fond of each other."

* Little pig.

Maybe, Mike honey, the wise one thought that the foolish set off her wisdom to the best advantage, — the reason, as everybody knows, why the rose-bush lets the nettle grow by her side... So, as I was saying, the two fairies were mighty fond of each other; and one summer morning they agreed, above all things in the world, to go out and gather flowers and honey. And away they went, the darlings, sporting in the first beams of the summer sun, and dancing in the air, to the bumble of the brown bees' pipes, or the buzzy music of the graycoated midges... 'What a sweet tree!' says the foolish one, passing over a rock-rose bush that was just opening its blossoms. 'Stop,' says the wise one, 'and take some of its leaves; they make the most beautiful cloaks in the world, when trimmed with daisy fringe, and tied with the tassels of the wild woodbine.'

"'Twill do to gather them when we are going home,' replied the silly one, who was trying how she could stand on one leg in the bosom of a butter-cup.

"'Better have them now,' said the other, taking *her pick* at the same time; 'time won, time come, — we shall have enough to do going home.' But, Michael, the other followed your advice, and *did not heed it*."

"Heugh! heugh!" said Michael. Moyna continued: —

"'Thistledown, thistledown!' sung out the foolish fairy, — 'what loads of thistledown! I'll gather me some to make a pillow and bolster too; — but there's time enough;' and she sprang away on the back of a young butterfly, making a horse of the craythur, against his consent intirely, and with no sort of politeness... Silly people are never civil, I've observed, Mike — Bless me! they can't see the good of it! — But, as I was saying, the wise fairy told her the good of plucking it then, in case of a high wind or the like coming before their return; but she might have held her tongue; for the other (like, I'm sorry to say, a dale of us) never thought about futurity —"

"I tell ye what," interrupted Mike, angrily, "it ill becomes a young thing like you to go on running down the counthry after that fashion, — to say nothing of your making free with such hard words as the last."

Moyna smiled and continued:

"Now, though the wise fairy gathered the rock-rose leaves, and the down, and many things that she took delight in, and that she knew would be useful at home, still she had a dale more sport than the other; because, ye mind, she made work a pleasure, not pleasure a work,—taking a taste of one flower, and the blossom of another,—for all the world as you would milk and pataties, and pataties and milk...So at last they came to a grand garden, where there were all manner and sorts of flowers come from England and other foreign countries, and a shoal of honey in the bells of them all; and the wise fairy set to and gathered the honey, and called to the foolish fairy to do the same: but she kept crying out, 'We'll see about it,' 'Time enough,' 'By and by'...And, my jewel, before ye could say 'Holy well!' the clouds came, like evil spirits, over the blue sky, and covered it with darkness, and the tempest howled among the trees, and the lightning sharpened its arrows and sent forth destruction upon the green earth; so that the grass withered away like a bad cotton...But the fairies, Mike, the fairies! Ah, Mike, Mike! the wise one hurried home, with her cloak of rock-rose leaves, and her pillow of thistledown, and her drops of sweet honey. And the foolish one had no cloak, no pillow, no honey——"

Michael actually knocked the ashes out of his pipe, stuffed his thumb into it to be sure it was safe, looked at the gate-post, and then at his sister; and then, before midnight, the post was fixed, the sty was roofed, and Michael, more tired, but more happy than usual, was seated at his cheerful supper. After a pause of a few minutes, one little sentence told his sister that the lesson had taken better effect than she had dared hope for:

"Och, Moyna, that was a wise fairy!"

Mrs. Hall.

JOHN STRONG, THE BOASTER.

It is by no means a good plan for any one who wishes to do good to others, to be always dingdonging them with good advice. There is a proper time and place for everything...An interesting tale will oftentimes impress the mind more profitably than a very severe, though very excellent exhortation. This being the case, listen to my narrative of John Strong, the boaster.

"Now, wha dare meddle wi' me?" said John Strong, repeating a line of an old ballad, as he sat on his own chair in a saucy attitude, with a jug before him. "Wha dare meddle wi' me?" said he, half in jest, half in earnest, talking to his companion and admirer, William Wallis, the tailor.

"Why a man would look twice at you before he handled you or tried to talk you down," said Wallis. "You are strong in name and strong in nature, John. At all events, I am not the man to meddle with you in the way of quarrelling."

"I fancy not, William; you are too fond of sound bones to cross one of my sort," said John, saucily; "but make no mocks at my name; I will not allow it, Mr. Billy Button, and so I tell you."

"No offence, no offence, John; I meant no mischief," said the tailor, taking no notice of the nick-name John had just given him; for he well knew the quarrelsome nature of the man with whom he was talking. It was, as they say, a word and a blow with Strong; and one of John's blows, as the tailor knew very well, was no light matter.

"Well, well, take another glass of ale, William, and do not talk so fast. One cannot put in a word edgeways where you are," said John, who always treated those he liked with the best in his house; and that was the reason why the tailor went often to see him, and bore with his saucy ways.

"You cannot call me an old man, William," said John; "look at my arm! Is it like the arm of an old man? I shall be forty next June, and I say a man at forty is in his prime." "To be sure he is," answered the wheedling William.

"The miller's man, you know, who is but five-and-twenty, called me an old fellow, and said I must not think to crow over youngsters as I had done"... "He! he! he! so he did," said William, affecting to giggle, "but it might have been a manslaughter business if his friends had not taken him away; you did pummel him handsomely."

"Wife! Mary! I say, bestir yourself a little, and bring us the pork pie out of the pantry," shouted John, in great good-humor; "Mr. Wallis may like to eat a bit of something with his beer. He shall make me a coat at Midsummer, for there is not a better tailor in the parish, and I say it, whose word stands for something; for folks dare not contradict me"... Strong's wife, a mild, good-tempered, healthy-looking woman, spread a white cloth upon a table, and placed knives and forks, and a large pork pie before the wheelwright and the tailor, and John went on with his boasting, while William was occupied in eating.

"The miller had a narrow escape, as you say, Mr. Wallis. Old, indeed! He will not call me old again in a hurry. I have stopped his chattering, for he knows what to expect if he crosses me... There is not a man in the parish that dare meddle with me. Look at that mastiff, master William," said Strong, pointing to a large dog that came just then into the kitchen; "folks say Towzer's fierce and surly, and, to be sure, he has bitten a few folks that teased him; now, some have threatened to shoot that dog; some say they will poison him, or cleave his head: but let them touch a hair of him, only let them do it; I shall like to see them, that's all. 'Love me, love my dog,' you know. I can take care of Towzer."

"To be sure you can," said the coaxing tailor; "no one will touch Towzer when you are in sight; they know better than to get into trouble for the sake of a dog."

"For the sake of a dog!" said Strong. "What do you mean by that, master tailor? The dog is worth his weight in gold. Do not speak slightly of my dog, for I shall not allow it"... "Well, it is a fine animal, to be sure," said William, "but I do not know much about dogs, Mr. Strong." "No, you know more about geese than dogs, master tailor," replied Strong; "but still you may believe

me when I say that Towzer is worth his weight in gold"... "No doubt of it," said the tailor, again taking up his knife and fork, and cutting a fresh piece from the pork pie.

"Well, well, you are a sensible man," said Strong, "taking you altogether, though foolish at times; and we think alike on most things. Now, where will you find a working man's cottage so well stocked as mine, Mr. William? Look at that Bible with the tea-caddy on it; why it is as big as a church Bible, and cost me a pretty penny; but my wife had set her heart upon having it...Look at the two sides of bacon over our heads, dangling from the ceiling; and did you ever see a finer ham than that hanging in the corner? Our cellar is small, but there are two good barrels of ale in it, and there is a leg of mutton and a round of beef in the pantry, where that pork-pie came from, master tailor"... "I always said," replied William, talking with his mouth filled with pie-crust, "I always said that those would never starve that lived with Mr. Strong."

"I should think not," said the wheelwright, "for when that bacon is gone I can hang up more."

"To be sure you can, and fill your barrels again when empty," said the tailor, drinking a glass of ale off at a draught.

"To be sure I can," said Strong, vauntingly, "and help to empty them; for I can drink down any man in the parish, and get up neither sick nor sorry, to do a good day's work next morning."

John Strong, puffed up with pride, continued to go on in the same way for a time, disliked by most people in the village, and only friendly with those who agreed with him for what they could get from him, like fawning William, the tailor; but a cloud was coming over him.

John Strong had health, but health could not protect him from accident. John Strong had strength, but strength could not defend him from broken bones...He was called on to take off the wheel of a heavily laden cart, but the instrument called the "jack," with which he had lifted

up the body of the cart, suddenly slipped, and down came the cart upon the unhappy wheelwright...His thigh was broken, and besides this, he was otherwise injured : maimed, and in sad agony, he was carried into his cottage.

Stout-hearted John Strong struggled hard against low spirits, even when made to pass days and nights of weariness and pain.

Agony, restlessness, and impatience quickened his pulse, and fevered his tongue, till his great strength gave way, and he became weak as an infant.

While lying helpless on his bed one day, he heard some one running upstairs, and his wife burst into the room, holding her apron up to her eyes, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said the wheelwright. "Tell me, I say, directly, who has crossed you?"... "O John, John!" said the weeping woman, "there is Towzer lying dead in the lane. They have cleaved his head. It is the blackheartedness of the man that vexes me. The wheedling fellow always had the best in our house when he looked in"... "Who has done it? Was it the miller's man?" shouted John, giving way to sudden passion.

"It was William Wallis, the tailor," said the sobbing woman. "The dog had hold of one of his children's clothes, and would not loose; so Wallis struck him on the head with a hammer."

"Did you tell him how I would serve him out for it?" cried Strong. "Yes, John, I did," answered his wife, "and the saucy fellow laughed in my face, and said you were crippled for life, and could never hurt him"... "We will see about that," said John, for a moment forgetting his afflictions. "My clothes, Mary! my clothes!" and he sat upright in bed, but directly fell back again through weakness.

The wheelwright's proud heart then gave a groan. He had kept up till then, but Wallis's behaviour struck him down; he turned his aching head on his pillow, and cried like a child. It was the first time Mary, who loved her husband with all his faults, had seen tears in his eyes, and the sight cut her to the heart. "Never mind the

tailor," said she, "I wish I had not told you, John; I was foolish in speaking about it till you had got strong again."

"You did right to tell me, Mary," said John, mildly. "Do not keep things from me, and use me like a baby; I will not stand it. Now, leave me in quiet a bit, and then I can think about the matter."

Mary left the room directly, for John was one who would not be crossed...When alone, he tossed and rolled about on his pillow, muttering bitter threats against ungrateful William Wallis, and thinking how he would serve him when he got upon his legs...But the wheelwright's passion did not last long. He grew quieter, and began to think he might, perhaps, grow worse, and never leave his chamber till they carried him away in his coffin.

"Look at my arm, Mary!" said John Strong one day to his wife, as he lay on his sick-bed half wasted away. "Would any one believe that this stick of an arm ever mastered the miller's man, and grappled with Phips the wrestler, laying him fairly on his back? No, that they would not. I am but the shadow of what I was"...What John Strong said was true enough; but his proud, boasting spirit was to be brought down too. His heart was to be humbled, as well as his frame wasted. "I think, Mary, that I shall die; but I am not fit to die."

Old Humphrey's Half-Hours.

BEHIND TIME.

A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely...Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours on the enemy posted on

the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost...A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill...The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved...But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds, and the house failed...The next arrival brought nearly half-a-million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting the money, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation; and public sympathy was active in his behalf...Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger...The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind...Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late...A com-

paratively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time"... There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because for ever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people... If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is *punctuality*; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "behind time."

Freeman Hunt.

THE ZEALOUS MIDDY.

As soon as I was placed in command of the poop, I waged fierce war against the wet shirts of the sailors, or the still more frequent abominations of the well pipe-clayed trousers of the marines, who keep to that part of the ship, and are seldom seen forward amongst the seamen... The unhappy poop-mids of my day were in hot water almost every morning about this petty affair. This the men, to our great plague, were exceedingly slow to take up, without more severe punishments than the first-lieutenant was generally disposed to inflict... "It is entirely owing to your negligence, young gentlemen," said he to us one day, "that these wet things are so continually hung up, to the disgrace of the poop. If you would only contrive to keep your sleepy eyes open, and look about you, during your watch, instead of snoozing in the hammock netting, the men would certainly never think of hanging up their clothes in such improper places."

We used to marvel much how he managed to point his sarcastic censure so exactly as to hit the precise fault we

• *Marines*, naval soldiers.

had been guilty of, and we resolved in future to keep out of its reach, so far as these wet things went. Yet, in spite of all sorts of attention, the day seldom broke without some provoking article of dress making its fluttering appearance, though how it got there often baffled conjecture... Upon one occasion I fairly lost command of myself, and having given warning, as I declared, for the hundred and fiftieth time, and all to no effect, I pulled out my knife and cut the stops which tied the shirt to the jolly-boat's tackle... Had I proceeded no further, all would have been right and proper; but in my zealous rage I leaped beyond the line of my duty, and fairly threw the offending garment overboard!

Just as the sun peeped above the horizon, our most systematic of first-lieutenants made his periodical appearance. I watched his eye as it glanced towards my department, and I chuckled a good deal, when I saw that my activity had baffled every attempt to detect a square inch of the forbidden drapery.

The decks, however, were hardly cleared, before a scamp of a mizen-top-man, with his hat in one hand, and smoothing down the hair in front of his head with the other, while he shifted his balance from leg to leg, addressed himself to the first-lieutenant, evidently in the act of lodging a complaint... In the next minute I was called down, and questioned as to my proceedings. The fact of my having thrown the lad's shirt overboard being admitted, I was ordered to recompense him for his loss by paying him the value in money, while he, in like manner, was punished for disobedience in hanging it up in so improper a place.

An ordinary man would have stopped short there; but this judicious officer was of a different stamp; and I have often lamented, since those days, that he did not live to receive the grateful acknowledgments experience has taught me were his due, for this and many other lessons which, at that time, I could not justly appreciate.

It was his practice, every evening, just before going to bed, to give to the mate of the watch a written order of what he wished executed in the course of the night, or early in the morning; and many an injunction, it may be supposed, his little neatly-bound order-book contained

against the particular kind of delinquency above noticed... On the present occasion, however, the night orders consisted of these words alone :—" Mr. Hall is the only gentleman who attends to his duty on the poop."

It was needless to point more distinctly, even to the youngest midgy amongst us, how adroitly the scales of justice and good sense were balanced in this case... On my side it was quite clear I had no business wantonly to cast away another man's property, merely because that property was not in its right place ; and accordingly I was compelled to make full compensation. This, of itself, was a considerable censure... But, as the fault really arose from disinterested zeal in keeping up the discipline of the service, the first-lieutenant, by one of those well-timed notes of approbation which bind inferiors to their duty far more strongly than punishments ever deter them from neglecting it, took care to improve the lesson to my advantage by putting his official sense of that zeal upon record... Small as the incident was, there are few things which have since happened that have given me more permanent satisfaction than this slight passing notice. From the strong manner, also, in which it disposed me to esteem the person who thus distinguished me, I can understand the secret by which great commanders secure the best services of their subordinates.

Captain Hall.

AGNES OF BLENTARN GHYLL.

ONE severe wintry night, in little peaceful Easedale, six children sat by a peat fire, expecting the return of their parents, upon whom they depended for their daily bread. Let a day pass, and they were starving... Every sound, every echo amongst the hills, was listened to for five hours, from seven to twelve. At length the eldest girl of the family, about nine years old, put her little brothers and sisters to bed... That night, and the following morning, came a further and a heavier fall of snow, in consequence of which the poor children were completely imprisoned, and cut off from all possibility of communicating with their next neighbours. The brook was too much for them to leap, and the little

crazy wooden bridge could not be crossed, or even approached with safety, on account of the drifting of the snow... Their parents did not return. For some hours of the morning the children clung to the hope that the extreme severity of the night had tempted them to sleep in Langdale; but this hope forsook them as the day wore away... They huddled together in the evening round their hearth-fire of peats, and held their little family councils upon what was to be done towards any chance, if chance remained, of yet giving aid to their parents, and in what way they were to make known their own situation... Meantime, the eldest sister, little Agnes, though sadly alarmed, exerted herself to take all the measures which their own prospects made prudent. First of all, upon some recollection that the clock was nearly going down, she wound it up... Next she took all the milk which remained from what her mother had provided for the children's consumption during her absence, and for the breakfast of the following morning. This she scalded, so as to save it from turning sour... That done, she next examined the meal chest; made the common oatmeal porridge of the country, but put all of the children except the two youngest on short allowance; and, by way of reconciling them in some measure to this stinted meal, she found out a little hoard of flour, part of which she baked for them upon the hearth into little cakes, and this unusual delicacy persuaded them to think that they had been celebrating a feast... Next, before night came on, she went out of doors. There her first task was, with the assistance of two younger brothers, to carry in from the peat-stack as many peats as might serve them for a week's consumption... That done, she examined the potatoes, buried in "brackens" (that is, withered fern); these were not many, and she thought it better to leave them where they were, excepting as many as would make a single meal, under a fear that the heat of their cottage would spoil them if removed.

Having thus made all the provision in her power for supporting their own lives, she turned her attention to the cow. Her she milked; but, unfortunately, the milk she gave was too trifling to be of much consideration towards the wants of a large family... Her chief anxiety was to get down the

hay for the cow's food from a loft above the outhouse. She got down a little, and for one night thus placed the cow in a situation of luxurious warmth and comfort... Then retreating into the warm house, and "barring" the door, she sat down to undress the two youngest of the children. Then she laid carefully and cosily in their little nests upstairs, and sang them to sleep... The rest she kept up to bear her company until the clock should tell them it was midnight, up to which time she had still a lingering hope that some welcome shout from the hills above, which they were all to strain their ears to catch, might yet assure them that they were not wholly orphans, even though one parent should have perished... But though, amidst the ravings of the storm, sometimes they fancied a sound of voices, still, in the dead lulls that now and then succeeded, they heard nothing to confirm their hopes... As last services to what she might now have called her own little family, Agnes took precautions against the drifting of the snow *within* the door and *within* the imperfect window, which had caused them some discomfort on the preceding day. Finally, she adopted plans for preventing the possibility of their fire being extinguished... The night slipped away, and morning came, bringing with it no better hopes of any kind. Change there had been none, but for the worse. The snow had greatly increased in quantity, and the drifts seemed far more formidable... A second day passed like the first, little Agnes still keeping her young flock quiet, and tolerably comfortable, and still calling on all the elders in succession to say their prayers, morning and night... A third day came, and brought a welcome gleam of hope. The arrangement of the snow-drifts had shifted during the night, and a low wall had been exposed, over which it seemed possible that a road might be found into Grasmere.

The little boys accompanied their sister until she came to the other side of the hill, which, lying more sheltered from the weather, offered a path onwards comparatively easy. Here they parted; and little Agnes pursued her solitary mission to the nearest house she could find.

No house could have proved a wrong one in such a case. Horror, in an instant, displaced the smile of hospitable greeting, when little weeping Agnes told her sad tale...No tongue can express the fervid sympathy which travelled through the vale, like fire in an American forest, when it was learned that neither George nor Sarah Green had been seen by their children since the day of the Langdale sale.. Within half an hour, or little more, from the remotest parts of the valley—some of them distant nearly two miles from the point of meeting—all the men of Grasmere had assembled at the little cluster of cottages called "Kirktown"...Sixty people, at least, after a short consultation as to the plan of operations, and for arranging the kind of signals by which they were to communicate from great distances, and in the perilous events of mists or snow-storms, set off with the speed of Alpine hunters to the hills.

The zeal of the people was not in the least abated, but rather quickened, by wearisome disappointments; every hour of daylight was turned to account; and no man of the valley came home to meals...At length, sagacious dogs were taken up; and, about noonday, a shout from a height, amongst thick volumes of cloudy vapor, telegraphed by bands of men from a distance of many miles, conveyed into Grasmere the news that the bodies were found...George Green was lying at the bottom of a precipice, from which he had fallen. Sarah Green was found on the summit of the precipice; and it was conjectured that the husband had desired his wife to pause for a few minutes, whilst he should go forward and examine the ground...Either the snow above, already lying in drifts, or the blinding snow-storms driving into his eyes, must have misled him as to the nature of the ground, for the precipice over which he had fallen was but a few yards from the spot in which he had quitted his wife.

De Quincey's Misc.

A VOYAGE TO JAMAICA.

A WEEK at sea! What a difference from the throng of ships, the sailors yo-hoing, ropes pulling, boxes tossing about, barrels rolling, and all the confusion of departure. Now, not a sound about us but the melancholy roaring of the sea; not a sight but water, water, water on every side; above us the murky sky... We are in the Bay of Biscay, about which everybody sings *when they are clear of it*. How the vessel pitches! Up, up, up, as if her bowsprit would pierce high heaven; then down, down, down, into a hell of waters. Most passengers keep their berths. The few bolder, who venture on deck, are tossed about like shuttlecocks... Suicidal crockery jumps out of the steward's shelves, and rolls in fragments about the cabin. Even the old goat which supplies us with milk is desperately sick. A few gulls and Mother Carey's chickens fly about. It is excessively cold.

A fortnight at sea! Getting warmer. "Yonder is a waterspout," cries the captain. "Where?" "Don't you see that long narrow cloud hanging down from the large black one like a tail? Watch it. What do you see?" "Ah! I see the tail getting longer and stretching itself down to the sea." "Now, look at the sea below it." "Yes, yes; I see it all now, the water of the sea is rising up like a whirling pillar, which breaks off in spray at the top"... "Exactly! Now look on, the cloud and the pillar will join. There! they have done so, and away the united mass of cloud and water whirls, the sea boiling at the base. The big black cloud grows bigger and blacker with the water it has sucked up from the sea, for no doubt that projecting tail was acting like a pump. This waterspout is going away from our vessel; when one comes too near, a shot from a cannon breaks it up."

Three weeks at sea! Warm, but not disagreeably hot as yet. We have left Madeira far behind on the southwest, unfortunately without seeing it. We had a squall yesterday. The weather had been calm and sunny, every sail was spread. Suddenly the sky became white and misty. The wind broke out in sharp, strong, fitful gusts.

The sea became one mass of froth, intensely white...Rain came down in torrents. The captain stood on the poop, screaming to make himself heard above the roaring of the wind and waves, and rattling of the sails. Sailors, drenched to the skin, were climbing the stays like wild cats. Others were madly pulling at ropes—running—climbing—shouting...On deck was confusion, and in the passengers' cabin terror; which, however, was ashamed of itself and tried to appear *bravery*. Luckily, the squall did not last above an hour...How different to-day! Everything is calm and bright. The clear blue sea ripples gently. The silvery sky, with golden clouds, looks down upon us in the most complete repose. Scarcely a breath of wind stirring...Now we begin to have an idea of the tropics. Look at the little Portuguese man-of-war! It is a kind of sea nettle. How beautifully it floats past the vessel. The part of it in the sea is a dark jelly-like mass, with fibres called feelers stretching from it, with which it oars itself along; and upwards into the air it spreads a beautiful pink membranous crest, like a kind of sail, which gleams in the sunshine. By and by we shall see hundreds of them.

A month at sea! Fairly within the tropics. Lovely sunshiny mornings—brilliant noons—glowing sunsets—and starry, starry evenings. Every night now we see those four pretty stars, so often mentioned by poets and voyagers, called the constellation of the Southern Cross. They have about the same brightness as the two stars called "pointers," which point to the north polar star. Indeed, the upper and lower stars of the Southern Cross point to the south pole, which has no bright star near it.

The sailors caught a dolphin the other day. I had often heard of the dying dolphin's colors, so I rushed on deck to see it. Beautiful! At first, when it was laid on the deck from off the hook, it was a bright yellow...After about a minute it became a yellowish green, then bluish, then blue as dark as indigo, purple next, reddish crimson, then a pure silvery white, and lastly yellowish green again, in which tint it died, and an hour after death it had become a yellowish white. During all these changes the head retained a splendid silvery ap-

pearance... We caught also a greyish brown fish, about the size of a large salmon, called a bonito. It was caught with a piece of red rag for a bait. A little boy on board shook with laughter at its silliness. Should he ever grow to a man, he may learn that other animals besides fish are caught with showy rags... For more than a week, we have seen lots of flying-fish; sometimes singly, sometimes in thousands. They dart up out of the water, flutter along for about twenty or thirty yards, then dip into the surface, just skimming it, and springing up again, fly off in another direction. They remind one of the motions of those thin stones which in boyhood we used to make skim along the surface of a pond that was near our school... The flying-fish is about the size of a herring; deep blue on the back, the sides and belly like burnished silver. The large breast fins, which serve for wings, are beautifully delicate and transparent. We have found a few, in the mornings, on board the vessel, dead. They must have flown up towards the ship's lantern, as moths do to a candle... Every night, too, the sea seems on fire; gleaming; far and wide. If it were not that you can look up and correct yourself, you might fancy that the sky had fallen, bringing down the stars with it. Go forward and look over the bow of the vessel, you would think she was dashing through a sea of fiery foam.

Five weeks at sea! We are fairly in the West Indies now. Notwithstanding all strange sights, a voyage, with nothing to do for so many weeks, is tiresome. What a pleasant sight then, was our first view of land, in the distance: of course, it could not be to us, what it was to Columbus, in that wondrous voyage of his, but it was glad-some enough... Far on our left, to the south, grey and dim, lay the uninhabited island of Deseado; still farther to the left, and a-head of us, dimmer and greyer, lay Guadaloupe... By and by, up sprang Antigua on our right. We saw the cocoa-nut trees, like tall umbrellas, rising from the tops of the purple hills; and with the captain's glass we could notice the waving of the green sugar cane, like fields of overgrown corn unripe. Windmills were whirl-

ing on the tops of white round towers... We have scarcely lost sight of that, when we are close upon Montserrat. Oh! the pleasure of once more watching the sun set behind hills, real hills; set with West Indian brilliance, with that indescribable golden purple glow, which changes to the sweetest tint of mingled pink and orange... You could fancy the western sky was a bed of roses and lilies for the fantastic cloud monsters, which hang up there, of all sizes; and shaping themselves into all forms, alligators, tigers, lions, but mostly stretching themselves into the alligator type... We have scarcely any twilight now; the dark clouds chase the sun when he goes below the horizon, as the envious hound a good man in his ad-sity. But it will rise again all right to-morrow.

Six weeks at sea! Another weary week, languishing under the hot sun, sailing through miles and miles of seaweed, which mock you by their faint resemblance to the green fields you fain would walk once more. Flying-fish have lost the charm of novelty. Even the apparent springing up of fountains in the sea from that long black thing in the distance, which you know to be a whale blowing the water through his nostrils, can hardly rouse you... Thus on and on, over the green waters of the Caribbean Sea, you seem as if you never should get past that dark mass looming on the right, which bears the name of Hayti, or St. Domingo... At last one day, about the middle of the seventh week, you have again the same vision that met you when the islands first appeared — a grey mass looms in the distance, gradually hills become visible, then rocks covered with trees; the cocoa-nut trees wave as before, windmills whirl, white houses gleam, and over all the hot sun burns.

We are at Jamaica! See that creek where the cocoa-nut trees fringe the beach. That is Don Christopher's Cove. It was there Columbus was wrecked, and spent some months in huts built from the fragments of his vessel; and there, too, he awed the natives into bringing him supplies of food, by foretelling an eclipse... By and by, a canoe comes out, a black man comes on board, a veritable negro. He bows servilely to you, and asks, "How massa do? Him

hab a pleasant voyage?"...He is the pilot. He takes the vessel in through the coral reefs, over which the sea, here intensely green, breaks in white foam... Look down through the clear water. The bottom is covered with branching coral rocks, as if it were a submarine forest. On shore there are plenty of cocoa-nut trees, with a few houses peeping out from amongst them, and a very dingy wharf juts out into the sea...Hist! the grating of the chain as the anchor goes down; speedily you are in the captain's boat, speedily landed on the fairest of the isles that stud the Spanish Main. *A. H. D.*



A MAN OVERBOARD!

OFF the Azores we were overtaken by a series of severe squalls. A few moments after, one struck us our gallant ship was drenched in foam and spray, and then it heavily rolled on a heavy sea. We were preparing ourselves for the coming storm, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef*, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks†, and went over backwards into the waves... In a moment, that most terrific of all cries at sea, "A man overboard! a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter-deck, just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face," riding the top of a billow, fled past... In an instant, all was commotion: plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat, that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern that I seem to hear it yet, shouted, "In, men! in, men!"... But the poor sailors hung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprung to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed... "Cut away the lashings!" exclaimed the officer; the knife glanced round

* *Reef*, a part of the sail rolled up for the purpose of reducing the force or purchase of the wind.

† *Bulwarks*, side-walls, fences; also ramparts of a fortification.

the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. . . The brave man stood erect, the helm in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay-to, to look for the lost sailor. . . Just then I turned my eyes to the southern horizon, and saw a squall, blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered, rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. . . He called for a flag, and springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for the ship. . . But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it; it would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. . . I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. . . I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. . . The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode on it like a duck. Every time she sank away she carried my heart down with her; and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror; the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray. . . The captain knew that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the rattlings, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "*Pull away, my brave bullies, the squall is coming — give way, my hearties!*" and the bold fellows

did "give way" with a will...I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprang to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on; but the gallant little boat conquered...Oh! how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and, rising on a wave far above our lee-quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again...The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right goodwill on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport...As they stepped on deck, not a question was asked—no report given—but "*Forward, men!*" broke from the captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way...If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off), the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swang round close to our bows...The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birthday, (he was twenty-five years old,) and, alas! it was his deathday...Whether, a bold swimmer, he saw at a distance his companions hunting hopelessly for him, and, finally, with his heart growing cold with despair, beheld them turn back to the ship, and the ship itself toss its spars away from him for ever, or whether the sea soon took him under, we know not...We saw him no more, and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts...And as I walked to the stern, and looked back on the foam and tumult of the vessel's wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively murmured the mariner's hymn, closing with the sincere prayer—

"Oh, sailor boy, sailor boy; peace to thy soul!"

Headley's "Italy and the Italians."

THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

SAVAGES we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we call the perfection of civility ! they think the same of theirs. Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness ; nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness... Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they think slavish and base ; and the learning on which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations...After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians, by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating Indian youth ; and if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their sons to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people...It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition the same day that it is made ; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and they show it respect by taking time to consider it, as of a matter of importance. They, therefore, deferred their answer till the day following... Then their speaker began, by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government, in making them that offer ; “ for we know,” said he, “ that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal ; and we thank you heartily...But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things ; and you will, therefore, not take it amiss, if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours...We have had some experience of it : several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces ; they were instructed in all

your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger; knew neither how to build a cabin, catch a deer, or kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor councillors: they were totally good for nothing...We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them."

When any Indians come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private: this they consider great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," said they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes, where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling for strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them and lead them in...There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the stranger's house. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers have arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on...When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c., usually ending with offers of service; and if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey, these are freely given.

The same hospitality, esteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons. "If a white man," said an Indian to me, "in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you : we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink, that he may allay his thirst and hunger ; and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on : we demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' and if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog.'"

Franklin.

THE PILGRIM AND HIS DEAD ASS.

"AND this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—"and this should have been thy portion, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought, by the accent, it had been an address to his child ; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road. The man seemed to lament it much ; and he did it with true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it ; held it some time in his hand ; then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looking wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia ; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany ; but having in one

week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago*, in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute, and wept bitterly.

He said heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. They offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it: it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him; and upon this he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that neither had scarce eaten or drank till they met.

"Thou hast one comfort, friend," said I, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive, but now he is dead I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world!" said I, to myself—"Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

Sterne.

* Or Santiago, the Spanish name for St. James, to whom is dedicated a celebrated cathedral, in the crypt of which the bodies of the apostle and of two of his disciples are said to be buried. Hence it is a favorite resort of pilgrims.

TRUE COURAGE.

INSENSIBILITY to real danger is no less blameworthy than unreasonable fear. Fear, when it is justly proportioned to its object, and under proper command, is not only blameless, but reasonable: it is an essential element in human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb...Let me explain this by an illustration:—

A peasant in the north of England had two sons, Thomas and John. Thomas was taken to sea when he was very young, by the master of a small vessel, who lived at Hull; and John continued to work with his father till he was near thirty...Thomas, who now had himself become master of a smack, took his brother on board for London, and promised to procure him some employment among the shipping on the waterside...After they had been some hours under sail, the wind became contrary, and blew very fresh; the waves began immediately to swell, and dashing with violence against the prow, whitened into foam.

The vessel, which now plied to windward, lay so much to one side, that the edge was frequently under water; and John, who expected it to upset every moment, was seized with terror which he could not conceal...He earnestly requested of Thomas that the sails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had exposed him to the violence of a tempest, from which he could not, without a miracle, escape...Thomas, with a sovereign contempt of his brother's fears, derided his distress; and John, on the contrary, admired the bravery of Thomas and his crew, from whose countenances and behaviour he at length derived some hope: he believed he had deserved the reproach which he suffered, and despised himself for the fear which he could not shake off.

In the meantime the gale increased, and in less than an hour it blew a storm. John, who watched every countenance with the utmost attention and solicitude, thought that his fears were now justified by the looks of the sailors: he, therefore, renewed his protestations, and perceiving his brother still unconcerned, again entreated him to take every

possible precaution, and not increase their danger by presumption...In answer to these remonstrances he received such consolation as one lord of the creation frequently administers to another in the depth of distress—"Pshaw, you simpleton," says Thomas, "don't be dead-hearted; the more sail we carry, the sooner we shall be out of the weather."

John's fear had, indeed, been alarmed before he was in danger; but Thomas was insensible of the danger when it arrived: he, therefore, continued his course, exulting in the superiority of his courage, and anticipating the triumph of his vanity when he should come on shore...But the sails being still spread, a sudden gust bore away the mast, which, in its fall, so much injured the helm that it became impossible to steer, and a very short time afterwards, the vessel struck.

The first moment in which Thomas became sensible of danger, he was seen to be totally destitute of courage. When the vessel struck, John who had been ordered under the hatches, came up, and found the hero whom he had so lately regarded with humility and admiration, sitting on the quarter-deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations.

John now appeared more calm than before, and asked if anything could yet be done to save their lives. Thomas replied in a frantic tone, that they might possibly float to land on some parts of the wreck; and catching up an axe, instead of attempting to disengage the mast, he began to stave the boat...John, whose reason was still predominant, though he had been afraid too soon, saw that Thomas, in his frenzy, was about to cut off their last hope; he, therefore, caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, assisted the sailors in getting the boat into the water, persuaded his brother to quit the vessel, and in about four hours they got safe on shore.

If the vessel had weathered the storm, Thomas would have been deemed a hero, and John a coward: but I hope that none of you will, for the future, regard insensibility to danger a mark of courage; nor reasonable fear one of cowardice.

Hawkesworth.

THE EAGLE OF EAGLE LAKE.

EAGLE LAKE is situated in the wild northern section of the state of New York. It is of small extent, not varying essentially from eighty chains* in length and forty in breadth. This lake was discovered under circumstances somewhat amusing, and in a manner that presented its features in a bold and impressive aspect...Two gentlemen, with their packs on their backs, left in search of a lake recently discovered, lying in that vicinity†, but, as afterwards appeared, to the south of the one in question. After rowing some four or five hours, and surmounting several high ridges, crossing valleys, climbing over windfalls, and tearing their way through the thick under-brush, they came to the summit of a still higher ridge, thickly covered with spruce-trees, so dense and dark as to obstruct the view in every direction...Here they seated themselves upon a log to rest, and while calculating upon the probable nearness to the object of their search, they were startled by the cracking of the brushwood under the footsteps of some heavy animal... They had left their trusty rifle behind them to lighten their burden, and their only means of defence consisted in an antiquated pistol, a family relic, that had seen much service, but which in this age of revolvers and improvements was, to say the least, of doubtful character...They, however, placed themselves in a posture of defence—the knight of the pistol holding on to his anchorage on the log, while his defenceless companion veered round and took up his position in the rear. This last movement must doubtless have been made not so much with a view to personal protection as to form a reserve, to fall upon the foe in the heat of the conflict...The heavy footsteps of the beast drew near, but the thicket still concealed him from their view. This suspense, however, did not continue long; for, in due time, old Bruin presented his black visage‡, raised himself erect upon his haunches,

* *Chains*, a "chain" is 66 feet linear measure.

† *Vicinity*, neighbourhood.

‡ *Visage*, face, countenance.

bared his teeth, uttered his hideous growl, and viewed the strangers with his keen black eye...After exchanging glances for a short time, however, Bruin came to the conclusion "that discretion was the better part of valor," and with manifest symptoms of alarm turned and fled, with the bullet from the old pistol whistling through the thicket in pursuit. Thus ended the fright and the bloodless contest, probably to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned.

But this adventure was followed by another, if not so dangerous, yet somewhat more amusing, which gave the name to the lake in question. Our travellers, having been relieved from their unwelcome visitor, resolved, before proceeding on their journey, to take an observation from the high grounds where they were, with a view to examine the country to the south and east, and discover, if possible, the position of the lake which was the object of their search...To accomplish this purpose, the knight of the pistol volunteered his services to climb a tall spruce that stood hard by, and accordingly flung aside his pack, pulled off his boots, and depositing them at the foot of the tree, commenced the ascent.

After climbing some fifty or sixty feet, his ears were suddenly pierced by the screams of a huge eagle, and his face at the same time assailed by her wings and torn by her claws...As the enraged bird passed round her airy circuit, repeating her sharp and threatening notes, the eye of the adventurer fell upon a deep black lake below him, and he for the first time discovered that the tree he had ascended stood upon the brink of a precipice of fearful height, overhanging the dark abyss, where the jealous bird of liberty had planted her nest and secured her young!...By this time the gathering foe had again made her circle, and, coming like an arrow through the air, pounced upon his head, and, striking her talons through his cap and wig, tore them from his naked scalp and hurled them to the ground...Not exactly a back-out, but a back-down, was the immediate result, and the vanquished knight, as he landed upon the ground, remarked to his companion that his satisfaction was unbounded, seeing that the matter had ended no worse.

On examining the lake, it was found that it was nearly

surrounded by rocks, for the most part of perpendicular ascent, rising, like a wall of masonry, with its face to the lake, and from two to three hundred feet above the surface of the water...It was of oval form, and gave the appearance of an immense reservoir prepared by art; a section of its western wall, however, overhung the water, forming a high arched cavern beneath...No streams were discovered falling *into* the lake, but an outlet, running constantly *from* it, was noticed at the extreme south end, where the heights became depressed, and fell to a level with the surface of this secluded yet interesting object of nature.

Boys' Magazine.

A FLOOD IN THE PROVINCE OF MORAY.

In August, 1829, the river Spey, in the north of Scotland, swollen by the mountain torrents of a frightful season, overflowed its banks. Steadily the flood increased, overwhelming farms and villages, to the consternation of their peaceful inhabitants, and carrying devastation and disaster over its extensive course...Among the poor people, who were for a long time in danger, was a man of the name of Sandy Smith, whose cottage stood upon a piece of low furzy pasture, not far from one of the rivers which had overflowed its banks. On looking in the direction of his cottage, those who were safe on the hills were very glad to see a distant gleam of light, which came from a candle placed in his cottage window.

A dismal night had Sandy Smith in his cottage, in the midst of the waters. At break of day the kind people, who were looking out for him and his family, saw all the country laid under water, including many fields which had the day before been beautiful with yellow wheat, green tops of turnips, and other crops; and the surface of the flood was strewn with trees and every kind of wreck from farms, and barns, and houses...The heavy rain and the raging wind were yet continuing; the cattle were wandering about, and lowing for want of their usual food, and crowds of distressed families were crying and bewailing themselves...Afar off

was seen the cottage of Sandy Smith, its roof like a speck above water; and it was seen that the gable end had given way. With the help of a good telescope, the family were perceived to have got out of the cottage, and to be all huddled together on a small spot of ground not more than a few feet square, and forty or fifty yards distant from their ruined dwelling...Sandy himself was seen, sometimes standing up and sometimes sitting on a small cask; he seemed to be watching the large trees that swept past him and his wife and children, and which threatened to sweep them away. His wife was sitting on a bit of a log covered with a blanket, having one child on her knee, and two leaning by her side. Close to them were about a score of sheep, a small horse, and three cows, all glad, like themselves, to stand on that little spot of dry land.

The greatest fear which those who saw these poor people from distant houses had, was that the waters would gain upon them before any boat could be procured to go and fetch them away. A lady in the neighbourhood had, however, ordered her horses to be put to a boat, to drag it down to a convenient spot for being launched, and three bold men got into it, determined to save the lives of the poor people if possible.

But to reach the house, and then to get on to where Sandy Smith and his family were waiting, was a task of no small labor and difficulty; for as the boat seemed to be going on fairly and well, it was more than once carried away by the currents that were to be crossed, and carried away with such violence, that those on shore thought the people in the boat would be lost...The activity of the men in the boat was their only safety; and one of them, whose name was Donald Munro, but who, on account of his dress, was that day called *Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat*, gained much honor for his wonderful exertions...Sometimes he was at the head of the boat, and sometimes at the stern, not unfrequently in the water up to the neck, and then again rowing with all his strength...Before they reached the spot where Sandy Smith and his family were standing in a cluster on their little spot of land, there were five raging currents to be passed. The moment the boat came to one

of these it was whirled away far down the stream, and when one current was passed the men had to pull the boat up again all the way before they ventured to cross another... The last current which they had to cross was the worst; but Smith was so delighted to see the boat approaching, that he ran into the water to meet it, and helped to drag it towards the spot whereon his wife and children were yet remaining. They were all then safely placed in the boat and carried back, with many difficulties, across all the currents to the shore.

It appeared that these poor people had been driven out of their house at about eight o'clock on the Monday evening, and had fled to the only dry place they could reach. They had but just time to throw blankets over them, and Smith himself had fortunately presence of mind enough to take with him a small bag of meal. His cows, and his pony, and his sheep, being let out, wandered to the same spot... As the water gained upon the little space of ground they had, the poor beasts, feeling chilled with the cold, pressed also inwards upon the family. Smith caught a log which was floating past, and made it a seat for his companions; an old chest served the same purpose: and a little meal and a little whisky was all their nourishment... There they remained all that dismal night—all dark around them; the noise of the waters roaring in their ears, great trees going crashing past them every minute, as if they would sweep them all into eternity, and all the time the wind and rain beating upon them so fiercely that it seemed as if it would be impossible for them to live long under it... Nothing was to be seen but the far-off candle, placed in the house which has already been mentioned, and the light of which, as had been intended, was still some comfort to them in their desolate situation... When the light of morning broke upon them, Sandy Smith saw the little hamlet of Stripeside, where he had lived, a heap of ruins, besides all the neighbouring hamlets; and, far above them, the bridge broken by the violence of the stream... He had the attention to hide these sorrowful sights from his wife by wrapping her head more closely from the cold, until the waters began to fall a little, in consequence of the giving way of some embank-

ments, and then he told her to look round about her, for that now there was some hope.

Another family, whose cottage stood at no great distance from that of Sandy Smith, passed that terrible night in the midst of still greater dangers and struggles for life. The name of these poor people was Kerr. They left their house, which was already surrounded by water, early in the night, and tried to wade across the water to the dry ground, but the farther they waded the deeper they found the water...Kerr's niece, a girl twelve years of age, lost heart, and began to sink; and the stream was increasing, and the darkness of night was upon them. The old man, however, did not give way, but, taking his niece on his shoulder, waded back with his wife, and by great labor regained his own cottage...It was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening when they groped their way to it, and they were obliged to clamber up into the garret. There they remained, in loneliness and darkness, until about two o'clock in the morning, when the roof of the cottage, damaged by the wet, began to fail...To avoid being crushed to death, the old man forced his way through a partition into the next house. Fortunately for them all, the partition was made only of wood and clay...There they remained till about eight o'clock in the morning, when the strength of the water on the outside became so great, that it bent the bolt of the lock of the house-door inwards, until it had no more hold of the staple than about the eighth of an inch...If the door had given way the water would have rushed in with such violence as to sweep away the back wall of the house, and Kerr rummaged the garret until he was lucky enough to find a bit of board and a few nails, with which he managed to make the door more secure. At last the roof of this second house began to fail also, and Kerr, and his wife and niece, had no way of escaping but through the thatch.

Whilst the party in the cottage were undergoing all this, there were some on the shore who were very anxiously watching their fate, and among them a son of Kerr's, who had been straining his eyes towards his father's cottage all

night long, unable to send help to them, and never expecting to see them alive more. Those about the young man tried to comfort him, but even whilst they were speaking to him the gable of Kerr's dwelling was seen to give way and to fall into the raging current...But a gentleman, who was looking towards the cottage with a telescope, observed a hand thrust through the thatch of the house next to it. The hand worked busily, as if in despair of life; then a head appeared, and, at length, Kerr was seen to drag himself through the roof, and to drag up his wife and niece through the thatch after him...The three unfortunate people were then seen crawling along the roof towards the next house, for there were three houses built in a row. Kerr went first, and behind him the woman and girl, hardly able, from the force of the wind, to keep a blanket round them...Fortunate was it for them that old Kerr possessed so much courage and sense, exactly when courage and sense were wanting, for the tottering roof they had just left fell into the water, and was swept away. Kerr now tried in vain to force a passage through the thatch into the next house, but, finding he could not do it, he attempted one of the windows, but with no better success...He was then seen to drop himself down from the eaves upon a small speck of ground a little higher than the rest, close to the back wall of the houses. To that spot of ground, where there was just room for them to stand, but not to move, he managed to get his wife and niece safely down.

Among those who could see all this going on was also a nephew of old Kerr's, the brother of the little girl who was with Kerr and his wife, and he was half-distracted by the sight. "Good God! friends," he exclaimed, "will you allow human beings to perish before your eyes, and do nothing to give them help? If I had but a boat I would try to save them. Will nobody give me a horse to go in search of one?"

It has already been mentioned that a lady in the neighbourhood lent her horses to drag a boat to the place where it was wanted, and in this boat it was that the Kerrs were taken from the dangerous spot on which they stood...The skill and coolness of these men, among whom was *Straw Hat*

and *Yellow Waistcoat*, were witnessed by those on shore with admiration, and when they saw that they had crossed the dangerous currents just in time to save the Kerrs, who had now only about three feet of earth left to stand upon, they gave them three hearty cheers... They were in no small degree rejoiced to see Kerr, and his poor wife and the little girl, stowed safely into the boat; but when, directly after, they saw the brave *Yellow Waistcoat* wading away and sounding the depths with a pole until he got to one end of the building, and then beheld him lay hold of a large pig and throw it into the boat as easily as if it had been a rabbit, they were angry to think his life should have been risked for such a saving; but he must have been a good-natured fellow, for it seems that the pig belonged to a poor widow, and was all the property she had left.

When the frail boat, crossing again all the dangerous streams, arrived at the shore with the little party, they were received by many of their friends with so much heart and rejoicing, that even old Kerr, who was remarkable for his firmness, could not help shedding a few tears among the rest — exclaiming, in his homely Scotch — “Hoot, toot, nonsense! What’s this o’t? Toots! I canna stand this mair than you, bairns. Od! I maun jist greet it oot.”

Lauder.

THE SHIPWRECKED MUTINEERS.

THE French possessions on the west coast of Africa having been restored at the general peace, an expedition, consisting of a frigate, and three other vessels, was sent, in the month of June, 1816, to take possession of them.

This frigate, the “*Medusa*,” was suffered to run aground on the bank of Arguin. It was soon discovered that all hopes of getting her off must be abandoned, and that nothing remained but to concert measures for the escape of the passengers and crew... Some biscuit, wine, and fresh water, were accordingly got up and prepared for putting into the boats, and upon a raft which had been hastily constructed; but, in the tumult of abandoning the wreck, it happened that the raft, which was destined to carry the

greatest number of people, had the least share of the provisions; of wine, indeed, it had more than enough, but not a single barrel of biscuit.

There were five boats. The military had, in the first instance, been placed upon the raft. The number embarked on this fatal machine was not less than one hundred and fifty, making, with those in the boats, a total of three hundred and ninety-seven.

The boats threw off a line, towing the raft, and assuring the people on board that they could conduct them safely to land. They had not proceeded, however, above two leagues from the wreck, when they, one by one, cast off the tow lines...The consternation of those on the raft, on seeing that they were mercilessly abandoned, soon became extreme. Everything that was horrible took possession of their imaginations; all perceived their destruction to be at hand, and announced by their wailings the dismal thoughts by which they were distracted.

The officers, with great difficulty, succeeded at length in restoring them to a certain degree of tranquillity; but they were themselves overcome with alarm on finding that there was neither chart nor anchor on the raft... One of the men had fortunately preserved a small pocket compass; and this little instrument inspired them with so much confidence, that they conceived their safety to depend upon it. But this treasure, above all price, was speedily snatched from them for ever; it fell from the man's hand, and disappeared between the openings of the raft.

The following day had been beautiful, and no one seemed to doubt that the boats would appear, in the course of it, to relieve them from their perilous state; but the evening approached, and none were seen. From that moment a spirit of sedition spread from man to man, and manifested itself in the most furious shouts...Night came on; the heavens were obscured with thick clouds; the wind rose, and with it the sea. The waves broke over them every moment; numbers were swept away; and the crowding towards the centre was so great, that several were smothered by the pressure of their comrades.

Firmly persuaded that they were on the point of being

swallowed up, both sailors and soldiers resolved to render themselves insensible to the pangs of their last moments by drinking till they lost their reason! They bored a hole in the head of a large cask, from which they continued to drink till the salt water, mixing with the wine, rendered it no longer palatable...Excited by the liquor, they now became deaf to the voice of reason; boldly declared their intention to murder their officers, and then cut the ropes which bound the raft together...One of them, seizing an axe, actually began the dreadful work. This was the signal for revolt...The officers rushed forward to quell the tumult, and the man with the hatchet was the first that fell. A furious charge was now made upon the mutineers, many of whom were cut down.

At length this fit of desperation subsided into egregious cowardice: they cried out for mercy, and asked forgiveness on their knees...It was now midnight, and order appeared to be restored; but after an hour of deceitful tranquillity, the insurrection burst forth anew. The mutineers attacked the officers with a knife or sabre; and tore their flesh, and even their clothes, with their teeth. There was no time for hesitation; a general slaughter took place, and the raft was strewn with dead bodies.

The fourth night was marked by another massacre. Their numbers were at length reduced to twenty-eight, and the case of thirteen of these was hopeless, and since, while they lived, they would consume a part of the little that was left, a council was held, in which it was decided to throw them overboard.

We turn away our eyes, and shed tears of sorrow, on the fate of these unfortunate men. But this painful sacrifice saved the fifteen who remained, and who, after this dreadful catastrophe, had six days of suffering to undergo before they were relieved from their dismal situation...At the end of this period, a small vessel was descried at a distance. She proved to be the "Argus" brig, which had been despatched from Senegal to look out for them. All hearts on board were melted with pity at their deplorable appearance. They were, in fact, but the shadows of themselves.

Deeds of Naval Daring.

TOLERATION.

"THERE was a very droll dispute at school to-day, papa!" said George; "one boy insisted that a word was spelt one way, another another way. The quarrel became so hot that we expected it would have ended in blows; when one of the bigger boys recommended that each should bring his book: and it was found that each had spelt the word correctly from his own copy, but they had different editions*, and the spelling of one was printed inaccurately."

"It was," said Mr. Howard, "only a small display of that intolerance of which there are too many great exhibitions in the world. Each boy thought himself right, and had good reason for thinking so; but there was not the same reason for thinking the other wrong...He had seen his own book with his own eyes, and had, therefore, very sufficient evidence for himself; but he could not know what evidence the other had had. Hence the folly of expecting everybody to think as we think...They will think as we think, if the same reasons are given to them, and if those reasons influence them as they influence us. If they have other reasons unknown to us, or if our reasons appear to them not to warrant our opinions, they cannot think as we think: it is impossible, and there is no help for it...But what ought to be helped, and ought to be avoided, is our attempting to punish others because they do not see as we see, or think as we think. This is persecution.

"Well, then, the lesson I wish to teach you is this:—Never be angry with any person merely because his opinion is not your opinion; never be angry because you cannot persuade him to change his opinion; and above all, never do him any injury, or hesitate about doing him a good, because his opinion and yours are different. In fact, it is a mark of sterling honesty of character to avow and to be consistently guided by one's own convictions...Nobody can believe what he likes, however he may try to do so; at all events, if he hears all that is to be said on all sides of a question. Still less can

* *Editions*, single impressions of publications, identical in form and character. [That alluded to, is technically termed a "typographical error."]

anybody believe according to the likings of others... Where you doubt, inquire. In your own opinion seek nothing but truth, because truth, after all, is the great thing. In your conduct to others, be guided by the rule that you should never cause useless pain... In the minds of the best men there is, always has been, and always, perhaps, will be, much difference of opinion as to what is *true*, but everybody knows and feels what is *kind*, and truth itself is most likely to be found when it is sought for by tolerance and benevolence."

Bowring's Minor Morals.

"JUDGE NOT!"

MANY years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by... The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was that of a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age: his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step... He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way towards the palace of General Zaionczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but, judging by his shabby-genteel dress, and mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic."

"Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most learned men of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his rank, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic and Göttingen, continued his studies in the College of France; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines; and finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterwards, the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from step to step, was raised to the highest offices of state...His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest...When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy to aim its arrows against? Mediocrity* always avenges itself by calumny†; and so Staszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister‡ motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, "that *he* could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatine§ traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest

* *Mediocrity*, the middle state, or inferior ability.

† *Calumny*, unjust accusation.

‡ *Sinister*, left-handed, underhand, cunning.

§ *Palatine*, a prince who exercises royal jurisdiction over a province; or one to whom that power is delegated.

in which he keeps his gold ; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart ; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned towards the priest, and said :—

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune ?"

"And pray what use *does* he make of it ?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace ? Was it not Staszic ?"

"Oh ! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold. But, my young friend, if you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs...Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Staszic ; that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative ?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning the student repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired

the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts; he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him :

" Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day ? If you want books, take them out of my library ; or instruments—order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want anything."

" On the contrary, Sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

" You have then, become rich ?"

" I am as poor as ever."

" And your college ?"

" I must leave it."

" Impossible !" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. " You are the most promising of all our pupils; it must not be !"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct ; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

" You wish," said Adolphe, " to heap favors on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said :

" Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—' JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, a riddle, which I cannot now solve; it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added :—

" Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan; and when some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

Fifty years thus passed away; and then thirty thousand Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall*, as though it were some holy, precious relic. The Russian army could not understand the reason of the homage† thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man; but this was presently made clear.

His last bequests fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf‡...A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the help of the sick and aged...A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbours, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum towards educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic. A martyr§ to calumny during his life—after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

Household Words.

* *Pall*, the cloth thrown over a coffin, at funerals.

† *Homage*, respect; also, fealty or service to a lord: see page 307.

‡ *Serf*, bond-servant, born on the estate of a lord. He was incapable of holding land, and bound by feudal services to his master. Compare "Feudal System," page 307.

§ *Martyr*, one who suffers (death, if need be) on account of his personal convictions.



GUSTAVUS VASA.

GUSTAVUS VASA was born near Stockholm, in the year 1490. In 1520, shortly after the occupation of Sweden by the Danes, his father, Eric, was barbarously put to death, together with more than eighty other nobles.

Gustavus was at that time a prisoner in Denmark, and the Danish king had ordered his execution also; but one Eric Banner, interceded for his life, which was spared on condition that Banner should keep him safely in the Castle of Calø, in that part of Denmark called Jutland... Though well treated by this nobleman, to whose charge he was committed, the bondage was irksome enough to Gustavus; and the murder of his father, together with the oppression to which his countrymen were subjected, added to his impatience to regain the liberty he had lost... Going out one day under pretence of hunting, with which he had been freely permitted to amuse himself, he plunged at once into the forest, changed his dress for that of a peasant, and then, turning his horse loose, pursued on foot the rugged mountain paths, and, after many hair-breadth escapes, succeeded in reaching his native country.

Arrived at a place of safety, an old castle belonging to his family, he communicated with his friends, and tried to stir up patriotism in their breasts. But they either had none, or despaired of success... The very peasantry, on whose rough, turbulent spirit he thought he might depend for effectual aid, would have nothing to do with him or his schemes. They had not much to lose, certainly; but that little they were not going to risk. They told him that under the king of Denmark they had salt and herrings, and, if they revolted against him, they might lose all. "Peasants they were, and peasants they would remain, whoever was king."

A less persevering spirit might have despaired. Gustavus was undaunted, and, taking a countryman as a guide, he resolved to make his next attempt among the mountaineers and miners of Dalecarlia, farther north... Here, being deserted and robbed of all his money by his faithless guide, sheer want drove him to work in the copper-mines, where his embroidered shirt, ere long, betrayed his rank.

Gustavus learned that the inhabitants of that part of the country were impatient to rid themselves of the Danes, and that they were a bold, hardy race, who would not easily be subdued.

Gustavus appealed to the peasants, at a festival at which they were wont to assemble yearly. They seemed to take fire at his words; and leading off at once a resolute body of them, he attacked the castle, carried it by assault, and took a dreadful revenge for the wrongs of his countrymen, by putting the whole garrison to death... In the course of a few days the people crowded to his standard; the whole province declared for Sweden against Denmark; and, by May, 1521, he was at the head of a force consisting of 15,000 men... His first success at Mora so alarmed the king of Denmark, who sent troops to oppose him, that he threatened to put to death both the mother and sister of Gustavus, if he did not lay down his arms. And what he threatened, he most inhumanly performed... The Swedes gained victory after victory; nor were they, as may be supposed, slow to retaliate on the vanquished Danes those barbarities which had been inflicted upon themselves. Fresh troops joined Gustavus as he advanced to the siege of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. Here his first attempt met with a repulse, and he retreated with great loss... Better fortune, however, awaited him. With reinforcements from Lübec, he again laid siege for the third time to this important place. It was in the winter season, and a Swedish winter is almost, if not quite, as bad as a Russian one... While Gustavus was closely investing the city, the Danish fleet, which was sailing to its relief, was suddenly frozen up; and he determined to cross the ice, sword in hand, and set fire to the ice-locked vessels. It was a bold resolution, and boldly carried out... The Swedes were foiled in their design to board the Danes, by the terrible cannonading opened on them by the enemy; but they succeeded in burning several vessels, and would have destroyed more had not a thaw prevented their again passing over the ice. Stockholm was taken; and then all Sweden rose against the Danes, who were driven back to their own territory.

Liberated by his courage and patriotism, the grateful Swedes, at a national Diet, chose Gustavus regent of the kingdom. They would fain have made him king. He refused, however, to accept that title ; but, under the name of Stadtholder *, he fulfilled the duties of that office...Fresh disturbances of the partisans of the Danish monarch, and other state reasons, induced him, in a few years, to accede to the wishes of his people ; and, in 1527, he was crowned King of Sweden.

Charm of Entertaining Knowledge.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

WHERE the river Niagara leaves Lake Erie, it is three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls, it is a mile broad, and twenty-five feet deep, and flows with great swiftness, having a descent of fifty feet in half a mile. An island, on the verge of the cataract, divides it into two sheets of water. One of these, called from its shape the Horse-shoe Fall, is six hundred yards wide and a hundred and fifty-eight feet in height. The other, called the American Fall, is two hundred yards wide, and a hundred and sixty-four feet high.

About once in ten years, generally in January or the beginning of February, the ice, at the foot of the falls, makes a complete bridge from one shore to the other. A great frozen mass, of irregular shape, is formed on the edge next to the cataract, from masses of ice being forced under the surface and raising it up, and from the accumulation of frozen spray...When this breaks up in the spring, the crashing of the several fragments, driven together by the force of the waters, rivals the noise of the falls themselves. In a mild winter, the ice of Lake Erie sometimes breaks up, large pieces float over the falls, they are smashed to atoms, and rise to the surface in immense quantities of a substance like wetted snow ; a severe night's frost binds this into a solid mass, and forms a large portion of the bridge.

The rise and fall of the great body of the water are very slight at any season ; but, as you watch the plunging stream, it seems to tumble down sometimes in gushes, as if an ad-

* Stadtholder, chief-magistrate or governor.

ditional influence came into play every now and then. About the centre of the Horse-shoe, or Canadian Fall, there is a clear unbroken spout of water twenty feet in depth before its leap; for seventy feet below it continues deep, and of a pure blue; presently it becomes shrouded in a soft spray, which waves like a plume in the wind, at times tinted with all the colors of the rainbow. When the weather is very calm, this beautiful mist rises to a great height into the air, becoming finer by degrees, till no longer perceptible.

There is already a list of fearful accidents at this place, though for so short a time frequented by civilised man: the last few years have been fertile in them. Perhaps the most frightful of all was one which happened in May, 1843.

A Canadian of the village of Chippewa was engaged in dragging sand from the river three miles above the falls. Seated in his cart, he backed the horses into the water, ignorant of the depth. It sank: but a box on which he sat floated, and was soon driven by a high wind off from the land into the strong but smooth current; he, being unable to swim, clung to the box...A boat was on the shore, but by the mismanagement of the bystanders it was let loose into the stream, and floated past the unhappy man, empty and useless. There was no other for two miles lower down; beyond that, aid was impossible...The people on the banks, instead of hastening to get a boat ready in time below, ran along the shore talking to him of help, which their stupidity rendered of no avail: he knew that he was doomed. "I'm lost! I'm lost!" sounded fainter and fainter as the distance widened...This dreadful protraction lasted nearly an hour, the stream being very slow. At first he scarcely appears to move, but the strength of the current increases, the waters become more troubled, he spins about in the eddies, still clinging with the energy of despair to his support...He passes close by an island, so close that the box touches and stops for one moment; but the next it twists slowly round, and is sucked into the current again...The last hope is that a boat might be ready on the shore at Chippewa. It is in vain; there are none there but frail canoes, all high up on the bank. By the time one of them is launched, the boldest boatman dares not embark.

Just above the falls, they see the devoted victim whirled round and round in the foaming waves, with frantic gestures appealing for aid. His frightful screams pierce through the dull roar of the torrent—"I'm lost! I'm lost!"

He is now in the smooth flood of blue unbroken water, twenty feet in depth, the centre of the Canadian Fall. Yet another moment, he has loosed his hold; his hands are clasped as if in prayer; his voice is silent. Smoothly, but quickly, as an arrow's flight, he glides over and is seen no more, nor any trace of him from that time.

Hochelaga.

THE LONELY CROSS.

MIDWAY between the St. Louis River and Sandy Lake, in the territory of Minnesota, is to be found one of the largest and most gloomy of tamarack* swamps. From time immemorial it has been a thing of dread, not only to the Indians, but also to the traders and voyagers... For a good portion of the year it is blocked up with snow, and during the summer it is usually so far covered with water as only to consist of a number of islets. It is so desolate a place as to be uninhabited even by wild animals, and hence the pleasures of travelling over it are far from being exciting... In fact, the only way in which it can be overcome in spring is by employing a rude causeway of logs for the more dangerous places. As it happens to be directly on the route of a portage† over which canoes and packs of furs are annually transported, we cannot wonder that it should frequently be the scene of mishaps and accidents. All along the trail lie the skeletons of canoes, abandoned by their owners, together with broken paddles and remnants of camp furniture... But the most interesting object that we witnessed in this remote corner of the wilderness was a rude wooden cross, surmounting a solitary grave. And con-

* *Tamarack*, American larch.

† *Portage*, a place over which goods are carried; frequently a neck of land over which boats are conveyed from one river or lake to another, as in the above case, from Lake Superior to the Mississippi. Compare *Tarbet*, in Celtic, which means a portage.

nected with this grave is the following story, obtained from one who assisted at the burial.

It was a summer day, and many years ago, when a stranger arrived at St. Marie. He reported himself as having come from Montreal, and he was anxious to obtain a canoe passage to the head waters of the Mississippi. He was a Frenchman, of elegant address, and in easy circumstances, so far as one could judge from his stock of travelling comforts. His name and business, however, were alike unknown, and hence a mystery attended him... Having purchased a new canoe and a comfortable tent, he secured the services of four stalwart Chippeways, and started upon his western pilgrimage. He sailed along the southern shore of Lake Superior, and as its lovely features developed themselves to his view one after another, he frequently manifested the pleasure he experienced, in a manner so singularly enthusiastic as to increase the mystery which surrounded him... In due time they reached the superb and most picturesque St. Louis River, surmounted its waterfalls by means of many portages, entered and ascended one of its tributaries, and finally drew up their canoe at the eastern extremity of the portage which led over the swamp.

The tent of the stranger was erected, and while the Indians busied themselves in preparing the evening meal, the former amused himself by exploring the neighbourhood of the encampment... He gathered a few roots of the *sweet flag**, of which he was particularly fond, and, on his return to the tent, ate a quantity of what he had collected. On that night he was taken sick, and while endeavouring to account for heart-burning and severe pains that he experienced, he pulled out of his pocket a specimen of the root he had eaten, and handed it to the Indians... They were surprised at this movement, but on examining the root they found it to be a deadly poison. This intelligence was of course received with amazement and horror, and the unhappy man spent a most agonising night... At daybreak he was a

* *Sweet flag*, or flower-de-luce, a useful plant; the roots of which are used as a cure for tooth-ache, and as a black dye; the leaves for thatch and chair-bottoms, and the seeds as a substitute for coffee.

little better, and insisted upon immediately continuing his journey. The voyagers obeyed, and packing up their baggage, started across the portage in single file...The excitement which filled the mind of the stranger seemed to give new energy to his sinews, and he travelled for about an hour with great rapidity; but by the time he reached the centre of the swamp his strength failed him, and he was compelled to call a halt.

Upon one of the green islands, already mentioned, the Indians erected his tent, and, with all the blankets and robes belonging to the company, made him as comfortable as possible. The hours of the day were nearly numbered; the stranger had endured the severest agony, and he knew that he was about to die!...He divested himself of his clothes, and, with all his papers and other personal property, motioned that they should be placed in a heap a few paces from the door of his tent. His request was obeyed...He then handed them all the money he had, and despatched all his attendants upon imaginary errands into the neighbouring woods, and when they returned they found the heap of clothes and other property changed into heaps of ashes...They supposed the sick man had lost his reason, and therefore did not consider his conduct extraordinary. They only increased their kind attentions, for they felt that the stream of life was almost dry...Again did the stranger summon the Indians to his side, and pulling from his breast a small silver crucifix, made signs to them that they were to plant upon his grave a similar memento; and hiding it again in the folds of his shirt, cast a lingering and agonising look upon the setting sun, and in this manner breathed his last.

By the light of the moon the Indians dug a grave on the spot where the stranger died, in which they deposited his remains, with the crucifix upon his breast. At the head of the grave, they planted a rude cross made of the knotty tamarack wood; and after a night of troubled repose, started upon their return to St. Marie, where they related the catastrophe* of their pilgrimage.

Lanman.

* *Catastrophe*, an adventure ending in misfortune.

BALLOON VOYAGE IN AMERICA.

As we passed up, the great city of St. Louis beneath seemed to be compressed and drawn together on a concave, the valleys and woods melting into each other until their outlines became almost indistinguishable; the great, snorting steamboats below looking like toy-houses floating in a gutter, and emitting faint puffs of smoke...At about eight o'clock we could see that the people below were having their sunset, although we were in full blaze of light. The prairies looked like vast fields of polar ice, slightly tinged with green, but quite destitute of light...Between us and them hung suspended, evidently, a dark and almost opaque belt, which seemed like a veil drawn over the country. The alternate patches of cultivated grounds, water sheets, and little hills and gorges, gave to all a diversified appearance: the hills had lost their relative cone-like appearance, and seemed to be vast sugar loaves, fretted with raisins and lemon-parings—the effect of alternate forest and grass. Very gradually the darkness stole up from below. It was as though invisible hands were lifting up the veil as it approached and enveloped us. In a few moments the sun left us, disappearing in a hazy, luminous bank of red. It did not become dark...Throughout the night we were able at all times to distinguish the prairies from the wooded country below, even when at a height of two miles. We were floating in a sort of transparent vapor, which without possessing any perceptible body, yet seemed to be made up of luminous particles...The effect of this light was very peculiar: it gave the balloon a sparkling appearance, as though it were charged with fire. So powerful was this, that every line of the netting, every fold of the silk, every cord and wrinkle, were as plainly visible as if illuminated by torches; and I could at any moment tell the time by consulting my watch. This appearance became more striking as we increased our height.

From one o'clock until sunrise, at about half-past four o'clock, I kept the balloon within 400 or 500 feet of the earth — using during that time but three pounds of ballast, which I consider a little remarkable. During this period

all three of my companions were fast asleep, and their decided snoring gave me a pleasant accompaniment in my voyage, and somewhat varied my reflections.

About thirty-five minutes past one o'clock the balloon lowered suddenly, so as almost to touch the tops of the trees. I threw out three pounds of ballast, and heard the sand strike upon a roof top, probably in a town in Cass County...This small discharge raised us so far as to clear us of an ugly wood a short distance ahead. I called out always on passing a house, and was invariably answered by the bark or howl of a dog...At this time daylight made its appearance, heralded by a faint glimmering in the East, quickly followed by the most beautiful auroral phenomena*, and a brilliant illumination of the whole vista of the space in which we were moving. Again the veil seemed to drop over us, hung for a short time between the balloon and the earth, and then disappeared, as if its particles had decomposed and floated away...As if by magic all was glowing in vernal beauty around, and a splendid view lay spread out beneath us, the yellow fields of grain, the wooded patches, and the graceful windings of the streams, being clearly distinguishable. The rising of the sun clothed all these in glorious robes of living, sparkling light. It seemed as if every tree top bore a golden crown and every field of grain was headed with a cabinet of gems, while the surface of the waters shone like a sheet of silver...I could not refrain from exclaiming aloud in wondering admiration of the beauty of nature. My companions, who were awake by this time, joined with me in feasting upon the ravishing splendor of the view.

Above, the clouds were as black as ink; around, the winds were howling as if alive with demons; and below, the waters, capped with foam, and lashed by the contending air currents, swept up in swells fifteen feet high, that ran in every direction. Mr. Hyde said to me, "I guess we are gone;" and with a despairing countenance climbed up with Wise and Gager into the basket, leaving me alone in the boat...It was a desperate time, but I cannot

* *Auroral phenomena*, the appearances of dawn.

say I was disconcerted. I had seen worse perils of the same sort before. My only thought was, that at a point on the shore dimly visible from where I stood, my mother lay buried.

Down we came, at the rate of a mile and three quarters a minute, or three times the velocity of an express train, and plump we went upon the water. The effect of striking the wave crest was the same as would have been a descent upon a sharp pointed rock. I held on by the ropes as the shock came...Its force was so terrific as to dash in three planks on one side of the boat—but the water was prevented from coming in by the strong canvas on the outside. After the concussion we bounded up fifty or sixty feet like a rocket, and I was jerked by the shock so that my head hung over the water. My hat fell off, and my watch-guard was snapped in two...Recovering myself, I seized a hatchet, and proceeded to cut away the lining, &c., and throw them overboard. My companions above were excitedly calling out to me on all sorts of subjects, but I paid as little attention as possible to them...Mr. Wise here proposed to descend into the lake and swamp the balloon—in other words, to leave us at the mercy of the waves fifteen feet high, to swim forty or forty-five miles to shore! He must have made the proposition thoughtlessly; but, of course, I declined it.

I called to my companions to hand me down their carpet bags, valise, mail bag, and other articles, which I successively threw into the lake; then I cut away parts of the boat, and by these means we kept above the water. I knew, if I climbed into the basket with the others, we should all be drowned together...I hoped that by clinging to the boat and cutting it up piece-meal, we might be saved. At all events, I was determined not to be drowned if I could help it. Thinking, however, such a result not impossible, I pinned my watch in my pantaloons pocket, hoping that if we were drowned, my body might be washed ashore, when my wife would get the keepsake. The result verified my anticipations...The balloon did not strike the water again, but swayed from fifty to sixty feet above it, as I threw out the pieces of the boat I cut away. We soon came in sight of

land, forty miles to the leeward.* This was the most delightful sight during the voyage...I was now confident that we could keep the balloon up during the remaining distance. When within twelve miles of land, at twenty-five minutes past one, we passed the steam-ship "Oswego," and I saluted her by swinging a piece of board, and then throwing it over...As we neared shore, we saw that we were approaching a vacant field near a small wood, and we determined, if possible, to have the boat car merely skim this field, and let the balloon go to pieces against the trees...At twenty-seven minutes to two we swept on to shore, and as my mission in the boat was accomplished, I climbed up into the car, where I was warmly received by my companions. As the gale took the shore it raised the balloon fifty feet, carrying us with it; then it alighted on the tops of the trees, and was dragged through them without car and anchor...On we went, the balloon surging, heaving, and literally mowing its way; sweeping off the tops of branches, tearing up trees, as it swung violently to and fro, and leaving a clear path through the woods on our course. At last, just as we were about despairing, the balloon caught in the last tree in the woods,—a monstrous elm; the silk gave way, swung backward and forward at a terrible rate several times, then dropped at successive stages fifty feet down the branches, and we were safe.

Mountain.

A HURRICANE ON THE WATER.

HAVING filled our cask from a fine well long since dug in the sand of Cape Sable, we left Sandy Isle about full tide, and proceeded homewards, giving a call here and there at different quays, with the view of procuring rare birds, and also their nests and eggs...We had twenty miles to go "as the birds fly," but the windings of the channels rendered our course fully a third longer. The sun was descending fast, when a black cloud suddenly obscured the majestic

* *Leeward*, the direction of the wind:—opposed to windward, which, as an adjective, means the *weather*-side of a vessel; while the *lee* is the protected side.

orb. Our sails swelled by a breeze that was scarcely felt by us, and the pilot requesting us to sit on the gunwale,* told us we were "going to get it"... One sail was hauled in and secured, and the other was reefed, although the wind had not increased. A low murmuring noise was heard, and across the cloud that now rolled along in tumultuous masses, shot vivid flashes of lightning. Our guide steered directly across a flat towards the nearest land... The sailors reposed; and our pilot having covered himself with his oil-jacket, we followed his example. "Blow, sweet breeze," cried he at the tiller, "and we'll reach land before the blast overtakes us, for, gentlemen, it is a furious cloud yon."

A furious cloud indeed was the one which now, like an eagle on outstretched wings, approached so swiftly, that one might have deemed it in haste to destroy us. We were not more than a cable's length from the shore, when with imperative voice, the pilot calmly said to us, "Sit quite still, gentlemen, for I should not like to lose you overboard just now; the boat can't upset, my word for that, if you will but sit still. Here we have it!"

Reader, persons who have never witnessed a hurricane, such as not unfrequently desolates the sultry climates of the tropics, can scarcely form an idea of their terrific grandeur. One would think that, not content with laying waste all on land, it must needs sweep the waters of the shallows quite dry, to quench its thirst. No respite for an instant does it afford to the objects within the reach of its furious current... Like the scythe of the destroying angel, it cuts everything by the roots, as it were, with the careless ease of the experienced mower. Each of its revolving sweeps collects a heap that might be likened to the full sheaf which the husbandman flings by his side... On it goes with a wildness and fury that are indescribable; and when at last its frightful blasts have ceased, Nature, weeping and disconsolate, is left bereaved of her beauteous offspring; and, prolific as she is, it is long before she can repair her loss... The planter has not only lost his mansion, his crops, and his flocks, but he has

* *Gunwale* (pron. gunnel), upper part of the sides of the fore-castle.

to clear his lands anew, covered and entangled as they are with the trunks and branches of trees that are everywhere strewn about...The bark overtaken by the storm, is cast on the lee-shore, and if any are left to witness the fatal results, they are the "wreckers"* alone, who, with inward delight, gaze upon the melancholy spectacle.

Our light bark shivered like a leaf the instant the blast reached her sides. We thought she had gone over; but the next instant she was on the shore...And now in contemplation of the sublime and awful storm, I gazed around me. The waters drifted like snow; the tough mangroves hid their tops amid their roots, and the loud roaring of the waves driven among them, blended with the howl of the tempest...It was not rain that fell; the masses of water flew in a horizontal direction, and where a part of my body was exposed, I felt as if a smart blow had been given me on it... But enough!—in half an hour it was over. The pure blue sky once more embellished the heavens, and although it was now quite night, we considered our situation a good one.

The crew and some of the party spent the night in the boat. The pilot, myself, and one of my assistants, took to the heart of the mangroves, and, having found high land, we made a fire as well as we could, spread a tarpauling, and fixing our insect bars over us, soon forgot in sleep the horrors that had surrounded us.

Audubon.

A HURRICANE ON THE PRAIRIE.

I HAD left the village of Shawney, situated on the banks of the Ohio. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and I was absorbed in thought, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens...A hazy thickness had overspread the

* *Wreckers*, people who subsist on wrecks. They have been known inhumanly to lure vessels to destruction. In less civilised times they were to be found along the wilder coasts of the British Isles, and to this day they exist in Morocco.

country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no inclination to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismount to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my nearness to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me... Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground... Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country... Turning instinctively towards the direction from which the storm blew, I saw to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for awhile, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise : then went the upper part of the massy trunks ; and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground... So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself... The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage, that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale ; others suddenly snapped across ; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth... The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed

a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewn in the sand, and inclined in various degrees... The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground... The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphurous odor was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length assumed her usual aspect... For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could.

Audubon.

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

AFTER toiling for an hour, through a wide bottom of tall weeds and matted grass, I reached a grove, erected a small shed of boughs after the manner of the Indians, and lying down, was soon asleep, before a fire, which I had kindled against the trunk of a fallen tree. I was awakened by the increasing violence of a gale. At times it sank into low wailings, and then would swell again, howling and whistling through the trees... After sitting by the fire for a short

time, I again threw myself upon my pallet of dried grass, but could not sleep. There was something dismal and thrilling in the sound of the wind. At times, wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland. It was in vain that I closed my eyes; a kind of superstitious feeling came over me, and though I saw nothing, my ears drank in every sound...I gazed around in every direction, and sat with my hand on my gun-trigger, for my feelings were so wrought up that I every moment expected to see an armed Indian start from behind each bush. At last I rose up, and sat by the fire. Suddenly, a swift gust swept through the grove, and whirled off sparks and cinders in every direction...In an instant fifty little fires shot their forked tongues in the air, and seemed to flicker with a momentary struggle for existence. There was scarcely time to note their birth before they were creeping up in a tall tapering blaze, and leaping lightly along the tops of the scattered clumps of dry grass. In another moment they leaped forward into the prairie, and a waving line of brilliant flame quivered high up in the dark atmosphere.

Another gust came rushing along the ravine. It was announced by a distant moan; as it came nearer a cloud of dry leaves filled the air; the slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds: dry branches snapped and crackled. The lofty forest trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned...The next instant the furious blast reached the flaming prairie. Myriads and myriads of bright embers were flung wildly into the air: flakes of blazing grass whirled like meteors through the sky. The flame spread into a vast sheet that swept over the prairie, bending forward, illumining the black waste which it had passed, and shedding a red light far down the deep vistas of the forest; though all beyond the blaze was of a pitchy blackness...The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind. At each succeeding blast they threw long pyramidal streams upwards in the black sky then flared horizontally, and seemed to bound forward, lighting at each bound a new conflagration. Leap succeeded leap; the flames rushed on with a race-horse speed...The noise sounded like the roar of a stormy ocean, and the wild tumultuous billows of the flame were tossed about like a

sea of fire. Directly in their course, and some distance out in the prairie, stood a large grove of oaks, the dry leaves still clinging to the branches. There was a red glare thrown upon them from the blazing flood...A moment passed, and a black smoke oozed from the nearest tree—the blaze roared among their branches, and shot up for one hundred feet in the air, waving as if in triumph. The effect was fleeting... In a moment the fire had swept through a grove covering several acres. It sank again into the prairie, leaving the limbs of every tree scathed and scorched to an inky blackness, and shining with a bright crimson light between their branches...In this way the light conflagration swept over the landscape; every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre, and the scorching heat licked every blade in the hollows. A dark cloud of grey smoke, filled with burning embers, spread over the course of the flames, occasionally forming not ungraceful columns, which were almost instantly shattered by the wind, and driven in a thousand different directions.

For several hours the blaze continued to rage, and the whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire. As the circle extended the flames appeared smaller and smaller, until they looked like a slight golden thread drawn around the hills. They then must have been nearly ten miles distant...At length the blaze disappeared, although the purple light, that for hours illumined the night sky, told that the element was extending into other regions of the prairies.

It was sunrise when I rose from my resting-place and resumed my journey. What a change! All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herbage. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed; not a blade of grass was left...The tall grove, which at sunset was covered with withered foliage, now spread out its gaunt, scorched and naked branches, the very type of ruin. A thin covering of grey ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large dead trees, whose dried branches had caught and nourished the flame, were still blazing or sending up streams of smoke... In every direction, barrenness marked the track of the

flames. It had even worked its course against the blast, hugging the roots of tall grass.

The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes were drifting and whirling about in almost suffocating clouds, sometimes rendering it impossible to see for more than one or two hundred yards.

Audubon.

DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKY was formerly attached to Virginia; but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts farther into the recesses of the unexplored forest...Doubtless the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, combined to attract the old Virginians to a land which teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. ...The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the Redskins was bloody and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and hardy courage of the white men.

The pioneer of this region was a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boone. The Virginians thronged in his footsteps towards the Ohio...An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for the equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new State. He felt assured that, in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants... To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants, must have given evidence of their vigor. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground... Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts, with

their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. Their cattle would often stray amid the rich pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days...To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampments, by the prowling and ruthless Indians; while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called "Stations"...To encounter difficulties like these, must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoyed was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their wag-gons, their negroes, and their families...Their way was cut through the woods by their own axemen the day before their advance, and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for encamping. They were loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps...The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung in large and delicious steaks in front of the embers; the cakes, already prepared, were deposited in their proper places, and under the rich drippings of the juicy roasts, were quickly baked.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, careless of any greater difficulties than those of forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of plenty...Although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, still the Virginians cheerfully proceeded towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio. Struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much baggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared arks pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current,

more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attacks of the Indians, who watched their motions... In those times a boat thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric: this boat contained men, women, and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds!...The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, waggons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and, indeed, have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add, that, in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil.

Forest and Prairie Life.

AN ADVENTURE OF BOONE.

"I was once," Boone related to Audubon, the naturalist, "on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, when the lower parts of this State (Kentucky) were still in the hands of Nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, amongst the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race, as I now would follow the track of any ravenous animal...The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was as unexpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them. The trick had been managed with great skill; for no sooner had I extinguished the fire of my camp, and laid me down to rest, in full security, as I thought, than I felt myself seized by an indistinguishable number of hands. I was immediately pinioned, as if about to be led to the scaffold for execution...To have attempted resistance would have proved useless and dan-

gerous to my life; and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles distant, without uttering even a word of complaint.

"When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were exhibited. Two squaws appeared particularly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured, by very plain gestures and words, that, on the morrow, the mortal enemy of the Redskins would cease to live. I never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some scheme which might enable me to escape before dawn...The women immediately began searching about my hunting-shirt for whatever they might think valuable; and, fortunately for me, soon found my flask filled with whisky. A terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of deliverance...The crew immediately began to beat their bodies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors; and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet...The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand, and I saw with inexpressible joy the men walk off to some distance and talk to the squaws. I knew that they were consulting about me, and I foresaw that in a few moments the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected that the squaws would be left to guard me. Well, sir, this was precisely the case...The men took up their guns, and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and in less than five minutes had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whisky.

"The liquor soon took such hold of them, that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about, and began to snore: when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over towards the fire, and, after a short time, burned them asunder...I rose on my feet, stretched my stiffened sinews, snatched up my rifle, and, for once in my life, spared that of Indians.

"I felt determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the cane-brakes. I imitated the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance was left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me."

Ibid.

JAMES HARROD OF HARRODSBURG.

ONE of those men of nature, whose hard hands and giant thews best fit them to cope with desert freedom, was James Harrod, the founder of Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

The name of Harrod, the stalwart young hunter, was familiar along the borders, and associated with that of Boone in many a feat of self-denying hardihood and generous chivalry. He was tall, strong, modest, and simple. He had read no book but that of Nature, knew no art but wood-craft, and never said "Boys, you do it!" but "Boys, come on!"

The unwritten history of that time tells many a touching narrative of the deeds of this young hunter: his skill on the war-trail, his vigilance, and his wonderful powers of endurance, soon made him one of the chief supports of the feeble settlements, which then dared to hold and occupy this wide land. The hardiness and simplicity of his habits, his fresh and unbroken constitution, his great frame, endowed with a remarkable natural strength, everywhere gave him supremacy even over those border sons of Anak.

Such were his habits of incessant activity, and so cool his self-reliance, that he never waited for companions, on the longest and most dangerous of his expeditions. He would often be gone for weeks and even months together, no one knew whither or for what end, and the first thing heard of him would be his sudden appearance, to put the settlements on their guard against the approach of some Indian war-party.

The benevolence of Harrod seems to have been equal to his energy. His hut, one of the first erected in the country,

became at once the nucleus* of a station. Thither the surveyors, the speculators, the hunters and emigrants, flocked for shelter and protection, and the names of Harrodsburg and Boonesborough became the first identified, in the minds of weary adventurers of every grade to this dangerous region, with the prospect of rest and the hope of security. Other huts had rapidly grown up around his, until more secure defences had become necessary, and a fort was built.

Thus, under the shelter of these two names—Boone and Harrod—the permanent occupation of Kentucky by the white race commenced. These men, though both comparatively young, seem to have perfectly reproduced in themselves the original type of the ancient patriarchal character, which was so much needed in the elementary condition of the society they were organising...All newcomers were their children; they were received as such with open arms; they were watched over, guarded, and guided, until they learned to stand alone and take care of themselves; and, what was still more remarkable, were allowed, without a murmur or a thought, to avail themselves of nearly all of the extraordinary labors and sufferings of their noble and unselfish guardians.

For example, Boone, who might have been the richest man in the whole West, had he been as grasping as he was good and wise, died in wandering poverty, with no claim to one spot in that paradise into which he had led his countrymen. Harrod exhibited the same unselfish traits, as we shall see.

When a new settler came, he inquired for a locality. Harrod's knowledge of the surrounding country was at his service; he shouldered his axe, and helped the new-comer to run up a hut. The family out of meat, Harrod, by some trick peculiar to himself, found it out. He was off to the woods, and soon a fine deer, or fat bear, or the quarters of a buffalo, were placed at their disposal.

An extraordinary love of solitary adventure was one of

* *Nucleus*, the kernel of a nut; the germ of an animal or vegetable cell, forming the embryo of an organism; a prolific centre, as a hut round which others cluster

the marked characteristics of James Harrod : indeed, the Indians christened him the "Lone Long-Knife," and dreaded his mysterious prowess very greatly.

He on several occasions entered their villages in the night to ascertain their plans ; and once, when discovered by a young warrior, struck him to the earth with his huge fist, and then threw himself into the neighbouring forest, though not without being seen and pursued ; twenty or thirty warriors followed him, and so close were they upon his heels at the start, that their rifle balls showered like hail about him...The swiftness of Indian runners has passed into a proverb, but they had a man before them more swift than themselves. He gained so much upon them, that by the time they reached the Miami, which was ten miles distant, there were only three warriors who seemed to be continuing the chase.

Harrod swam the river without hesitation ; as he reached the opposite bank they came up, and fired at him as he climbed the bank : the river was wide here, and the balls fell short. He now took to a tree upon the edge of the forest, and removing the waterproof cover of deer's bladder from the lock of his rifle, prepared for them, should they attempt to cross the river...The Indians hesitated a moment, for it had now been some time full daylight, and they seemed to have some apprehension that he might make a stand, but hearing at this instant the coming yells of those who had fallen behind, they replied, and plunged into the stream.

Harrod waited until they were more than half across, when at the crack of his rifle the foremost sank ; the other two paused, then turned to go back ; but before they could get out of range, he wounded a second desperately, who gave himself up to the current, and was swept down. The third, by a series of rapid dives, after the manner of a chased wild duck, succeeded in getting out of range.

Harrod heard the furious howl of the main body of his outwitted pursuers, who had reached the river as he was making off again through the forest : the chase was not continued further.

Two hours afterwards, Harrod struck the bank of the Miami again, he saw upon a pile of driftwood, which had

collected at the mouth of one of the small tributaries of the stream, some living object, which he took for a large turtle glistening in the sun, as he struggled to drag his unwieldy body upon the logs to bask.

He stopped to gaze; and imagine his astonishment when he saw a tall Indian drag his body slowly from the water, and finally seat himself upon the logs. He had lost his gun, and commenced endeavouring to stifle the bleeding from a bullet wound in his shoulder...Harrod knew that this was the second Indian he had shot, and who had most probably reached one of the pieces of driftwood of which the swollen river was at the time full, and sustained himself by it all this distance, badly wounded as he was.

Here was a trial for such a man as Harrod; his foe was wounded and helpless; to take him prisoner he feared would be impossible, and letting him escape he felt to be contrary to his duty to his own people. He thought within himself some little time before deciding upon his course, for shoot the poor wretch he could not.

His determination formed, he made a wide circuit, and crept cautiously upon the wounded warrior from behind. A large tree stood close to the drift, which being gained, Harrod laid down his gun, then suddenly stepping into full view from behind the tree, raised his hands to show that he was unarmed.

"Uguh!" grunted the astonished warrior, making a sudden movement as if to plunge into the water again. Harrod placed his hand upon his heart, and spoke two words in the Shawanee tongue. The Indian paused, and looking at him a moment earnestly, bowed his head in token of submission...Harrod helped him to the bank, tore his own shirt and bound up the wound with cooling herbs; and then, as he found the savage unable to walk, threw him across his broad shoulders, and bore him, not to the "station," but to a cave which he used as one of his places of deposit. No one knew of the existence of this hiding-place but himself, and he had discovered it by the accident of having driven a wounded bear into it.

Here Harrod concealed his wounded foe; for the generous hunter having once determined to aid him, possessed too

much delicacy of feeling to subject the proud warrior to the humiliation, worse to him than death, of being paraded before his white foes as a prisoner. Harrod took care of him till his recovery, visiting him regularly on his hunting excursions... When the warrior grew strong again, Harrod gave him a supply of provisions, and pointing towards the north, bade him return to his people, and tell them how the "Long-Knife" treats his wounded foe.

Nothing was ever heard directly from this warrior again, though Boone, who was aware of the circumstance, and who was a second time taken prisoner by the Shawanees a short time afterwards, always attributed the kind treatment he received from the Indians, and their good faith to eighteen of his men, to the good offices of this grateful savage.

Forest and Prairie Life.

MY PET MONKEY.

A CRICKET that had been singing merrily in the ashes came a little too far out on to the hearthstone: his fate was sealed — the next jump he made was down the throat of Jacko, my pet monkey, who munched him up as an epicure* does the leg of a woodcock. The next tit-bit was a black-beetle, who ran out to secure a crumb dropped from the servants' supper-table: he, too, became a victim to his rashness; and not he alone, but many of his black friends and relatives, who incautiously exposed themselves before the candles were put out.

Having ascertained that these beetles were nuts to Jacko, I one day gave him a great treat by upsetting the kitchen beetle-trap in his presence. Both paws instantly went to work; — whole bunches of the unfortunate insects he crammed into the pouches (which he, like most other monkeys, has on each side of his mouth, and which serve as pockets), munching away as hard as he could at the same time. His paws could not catch the prey fast enough, so he set his feet to work, and grasped with them as many as he

* *Epicure*, a voluptuary, a gourmand; one given to the luxuries of eating. *Gourmet* is an epicure in drinking (wines, &c.)

could hold. This was not enough : he swept a lot together with his tail, and coiling it up closely, kept them there close prisoners, till his mouth was a little empty, and he had time to catch and devour them. This was really too greedy...I took him away from the feast, still, however, munching with all his might, and looking back at the box with wistful eyes. If we wanted at any future period to put him in a good humor, his flagging spirits were instantly roused by the sight of the beetle-trap.

Almost all monkeys have pouches in their cheeks. I recollect, one Saturday night, hearing a man who was selling riddles at a penny per yard, in long slips of paper, in the neighbourhood of Westminster, propose the following riddle, as a specimen of the best of the pennyworth :—“Why does a dog carry a bone in his mouth?”...He volunteered the answer immediately afterwards:—“Because he has no pocket to put it in.” Now the monkey, like the dog, carries his food in his mouth ; but that mouth contains a pocket...The skin of the cheek is very loose ; when empty it falls in wrinkles, which gives the “old-man like” appearance to his face. In this natural ‘pocket’ he places his food, and keeps it there till he wishes to devour it.

Jacko’s insectivorous* propensities were not confined to blackbeetles alone. Spiders formed a pleasant variety ; not a spider was left alive either in the stable or outside the stable where he was confined ; and most enormous stones would he pick out of the wall with his nimble fingers, in search of a runaway web-spinner...He was really of great use in clearing the house of this housemaid’s pest. I often used to put a bit of string to the end of his chain, and make him run up the curtains of the rooms of the house. He would then completely rummage out and devour every spider, who, having had their webs so frequently knocked down by the merciless broom, had thought to spin them in security on the top of the cornices and among the curtain rods.

On one of these occasions, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly snatching the string out of my hand, straightway bolted out of the window, the top part of which hap-

* *Insectivorous*, insect-devouring.

pened to be open. Away he went over the garden wall, down the road, up into the village...The parish school turned out from their lessons at this moment, and a regular pursuit took place: the boys shouted and threw up their caps, the girls did not know whether to laugh or be frightened...In an instant Jacko was on the top of the nearest cottage, and returned the derisive shouts of the boys by angry and incessant chattering: he grinned from ear to ear, and showed an array of sharp teeth, as much as to say, "Touch me if you dare." His hair was all erect, as was always the case when he was alarmed or excited, so that he looked double his natural size, and he shook his tail in angry defiance...The numerous stones and sticks thrown at him in fun by the boys—for they knew him well and did not want to hurt him—soon made him decamp, and off he went along the roofs of the cottages, his chain making a fearful clatter on the tiles, to the alarm of the aged inmates sitting at their ease within...The crowd collected, the excitement became immense; the police were not called out, because there is only one constable: he, being a baker, turned out in his white cap, and sleeves tucked up, armed with the official wand of office, determined to take up somebody...Next came the churchwarden. "Lay hold of the rascal, boys," cries he, "and we will put him in the pound." "Likely I'll stay there," clatters Jacko, "and, moreover, you must catch me first," and off he goes again, followed by the whole village...The fun gets warm, Jacko begins to repent, jumps on to a tree, and slips down one side while the boys are watching on the other. He bounds across the road, over the garden gate, through the broken stable-window, to his own bed in the hayloft, where he lies, his eyes closed, his little sides ready to burst from running, and his mouth half open...Doubtless, at this moment, he came to the determination never to leave home again, for he certainly never did, and likewise to have his revenge upon the parish boys for persecuting him; for from this day he always flew at, and tried to bite, any boy wearing the parochial livery.

Jacko once got loose again. Remembering his previous

A SWALLOW.

A SWALLOW in the spring
 Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
 Essay'd* to make her nest, and there did bring
 Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd
 With patient heart; but ere her work was crown'd,
 Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
 And dash'd it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought :
 Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
 And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
 And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
 The last soft feather on its ample floor,
 When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste,
 And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
 And toil'd again; and last night, hearing calls,
 I look'd, and lo ! three little swallows slept
 Within the earth-made walls.

R. Andross.

 THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILIES.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When, 'scaped from literary cares†,
 I wander'd by its side.

My dog, now lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight,
 Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
 With scarce a slower flight.

* *Essay'd*, tried, attempted.

† *i. e.*, freed from the anxieties of study, or the toils of writing.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
 Its lilies newly blown ;
 Their beauties I intent survey'd,
 And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
 To steer it close to land :
 But still the prize, though nearly caught,
 Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
 With fix'd, considerate face,
 And puzzling set his puppy brains
 To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup * clear and strong,
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
 The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd ;
 Beau, trotting far before,
 The floating wreath again discern'd,
 And plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropt
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropt
 The treasure at my feet.

Couper.

THE TRAVELLER'S DOG.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;
 He halts, and searches with his eyes
 Among the scatter'd rocks :
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

* *Cherup*, a corruption of chirp.

The dog is not of mountain-breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry ;
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow, or on height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle, strikes his ear ;
What is the creature doing here ?
It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn * below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.
Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog ; o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground.
The appall'd discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.
From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fall'n, that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks and all is clear :
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveller pass'd this way.
But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place !

* *Tarn*, a small mountain lake, or pool.

Yes, proof was plain, that since the day
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The dog had watch'd about the spot,
 Or by his master's side :
 How nourish'd here through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate !

Wordsworth.

CASABIANCA.*

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on — he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud :—" Say, Father, say
 If yet my task is done ? "
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

* Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the French fleet, remained at his post, in the Battle of the Nile, after his ship, the "Orient," had caught fire, and after all the guns had been abandoned. He perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder magazine.—Vide "Battle of the Nile," p. 298.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but* the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Mrs. Hemans.



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

* "But," nothing but (except); only.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength ;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

To the rocks and breakers right ahead
She drifted, a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Longfellow.

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

Now had the autumn day gone by,
And evening's yellow shade
Had wrapt the mountains and the hills,
And lengthened o'er the glade.
The honey-bee had sought her hive,
The bird her sheltered nest,
And in the hollow valley's gloom
Both wind and wave had rest.

And to a cottar's hut that eve
There came an Indian chief;
And in his frame was weariness,
And in his face was grief.
The feather o'er his head that danced
Was weather-soiled and rent,
And broken were his bow and spear,
And all his arrows spent.

And meek and humble was his speech,
He knew the white man's hand
Was turned against those wasted tribes,
Long scourged from the land.
He prayed but for a simple draught
Of water from the well,
And a poor morsel of the food
That from his table fell.

He said that his old frame had toiled
A wide and weary way,
O'er the sunny lakes and savage hills,
And through the lakes that day.
Yet when he saw they scoffed his words,
He turned away in woe,
And cursed them not, but only mourned
That they should shame him so.

When many years had flown away,
That herdsman of the hill
Went out into the wilderness
The wolf and bear to kill —
To steal on* the red deer, and slay
The panther in his lair,
And chase the rapid moose that ranged
The sunless forests there.

And soon his hounds lay dead with toil,
The deer were fierce and fleet,
And the prairie tigers kept aloof
Where they heard his hostile feet.
No bread was in that desert place,
Nor crystal rivulet
To slake the torment of his thirst,
Or his hot brow to wet.

He feared — he feared to die — yet knew
That nought on earth could save;
For none might catch his parting breath
And lay him in his grave.

* *Steal on*, or *stalk*, i.e. to approach stealthily till within gun-shot.
[In the original, the word used is "scatter," which is meaningless.]

But lo ! while life's dim taper still
Burned feebly in his breast,
A ministering angel came —
His hated Indian guest !

He shared his wheaten loaf with him,
His cup of water shared,
And bore the sick man unto those
For whom his heart most cared.
“ I cursed you not,” the Indian said,
“ When thou wast stern to me,
And I have had my vengeance now ;
White man ! farewell to thee !”

McLellan.

LUCY GRAY.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go :
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, father, I will gladly do ;
’Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster clock has just struck two ;
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp’d a faggot band ;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powd’ry snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
She wander'd up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from the door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
" In heaven we all shall meet,"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they cross'd—
The marks were still the same ;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—
And further there were none !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

Wordsworth.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close ;
 Something attempted, something done,
 That earns a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend.
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought !

Longfellow

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker* down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges ;
 By twenty thorps,† a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddyng bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.

* *Bicker*, flow in a rapid, pattering manner.

† *Thorps*, hamlets, villages.

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel,
 With many a silvery water-break
 Above the golden gravel.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers,
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses,
 I linger by my shingly bars,*
 I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

Tennyson.

TO GOLD FISHES IN A CRYSTAL VASE.

RESTLESS forms of living light,
 Quivering on your lucid wings,
 Cheating still the curious sight
 With a thousand shadowings;
 Various as the tints of even,
 Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
 Reflected on your native streams
 In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
 Harmless warriors, clad in mail†
 Of silver breastplate, golden scale;
 Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
 With peaceful radiance mildly glowing—
 Fleet are ye as fleetest galley,
 Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;‡
 Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
 Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

* *Shingly bars*, pebbly or gravelly channel beds or banks.

† "Mail," the steel covering of an ancient warrior, formed like the scales of a fish.

‡ "Sallee," a port on the coast of Morocco.

Was the sun himself your sire?
 Were you born of vital fire?
 Or of the shade of golden flowers,
 Such as we fetch from eastern bowers
 To mock this murky clime of ours?
 Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
 Weaving many a mazy dance;
 Seeming still to grow in size
 When ye would elude our eyes—
 Pretty creatures! may we deem
 Ye are happy as ye seem,
 As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
 As light, as loving, and as lithe,
 As gladly earnest in your play
 As when ye gleam'd in far Cathay? *
Hartley Coleridge.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning, (raw it was and wet,
 A foggy day in winter time),
 A woman on the road I met,
 Not old, though something past her prime;
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead;
 Old times thought I are breathing there;
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair:
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate;
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 "What is it," said I, "that you bear
 Beneath the covert of your cloak,
 Protected from the cold damp air?"
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,
 "A simple burthen, sir, a little singing bird."

* "Cathay," China, (or generally the regions of the East,) whence gold fish were originally brought.

And thus continuing, she said,
 "I had a son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;
 In Denmark was he cast away :
 And I have travelled weary miles to see
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

"The bird and cage they both were his :
 'Twas my son's bird ; and neat and trim
 He kept it : many voyages
 This singing bird had gone with him ;
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind,
 From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety ;—there
 I found it when my son was dead ;
 And now God help me for my little wit !
 I bear it with me, sir ;—he took so much delight in it."
Wordsworth.

THE DAISY TURNED UP WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE modest crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush amang the stoure,*
Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,†
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee mang the dewy weet !
Wi' spreckl'd breast, ‡
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purple East.

* "Stoure," dust.

† i. e. It is not thy sweet neighbour, the lark, who is bending thee
 (the lark) with, &c.

‡ *Breast*, *Scoticè*—*breest*.

Could blew the bitter, biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted * forth
 Amid the storm;
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's† maun shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield‡
 O' clod or stane
 Adorn'st the histie§ stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
 In humble guise, ¶
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies. ¶

Burns.

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

Down the Savoy valleys sounding,
 Echoing round this castle old,
 'Mid the distant mountain châteaux**
 Hark! what bell for church is toll'd?

In the bright October morning
 Savoy's Duke had left his bride.
 From the Castle, past the drawbridge,
 Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.

* "Glinted," peeped.

† "Wa's," walls.

‡ "Bield," building.

§ "Histie," dry.

¶ "Guise," garb, dress.

¶ "Lies," liest.

** Châlet, a Swiss cottage; pron. Shaleh, plur. Shalehs.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering,
 Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
 From her mullion'd chamber casement
 Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
 Here she came, a bride, in spring.
 Now the autumn crisps the forest;
 Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hark! the game's on foot, they scatter:
 Down the forest ridings lone,
 Furious, single horsemen gallop.
 Hark! a shout—a crash—a groan!

Pale and breathless, came the hunters,
 On the turf, dead lies the boar.
 God! the Duke lies stretch'd beside him,
 Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
 Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
 To the Castle, past the drawbridge,
 Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces* blazing,
 Ladies waiting round her seat,
 Cloth'd in smiles, beneath the dais†
 Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!
 Tramp of men and quick commands!
 "—'Tis my lord come back from hunting."
 And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired, came the hunters;
 Stopp'd in darkness in the court.
 "—Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
 To the hall! What sport, what sport?"

* *Sconces*, ornamental candle-sticks projecting from the wall, and generally hewn out of solid stone.

† *Dais* or *dais*, a high-backed seat with a canopy—seat of honor.

Slow they enter'd with their Master ;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife ;
Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces :
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna, by the Danube
Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna by the Danube
Feast and dance her youth beguil'd.
Till that hour she never sorrow'd ;
But from then she never smil'd.

M. Arnold.



• THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungather'd rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand ;
Again in the mist and shadow of sleep
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flow'd ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasp'd his neck, they kiss'd his cheeks,
They held him by the hand :
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he follow'd their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roof of Kafir huts
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it pass'd, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream. "

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day :
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

Longfellow.

THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
 And rarely smells the new mown hay,
 And the cock has sung beneath the thatch
 Twice or thrice his roundelay,*
 Twice or thrice his roundelay;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

Thy tuwhits are lull'd I wot,
 Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
 Which upon the dark afloat,
 So took echo with delight,
 So took echo with delight,
 That her voice untuneful grown
 Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
 But I cannot mimic it;
 Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 With a lengthen'd loud halloo;
 Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

Tennyson.

* *Roundelay*, song or tune, of which the first strain is repeated.
 [Originally a poem of thirteen verses, eight of which were in one
 kind of rhyme and five in another.]

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

(Forsaken by his Queen.)

COME, dear children, let us away ;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay ;
Now the great winds shorewards blow ;
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go,
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know :
" Margaret ! Margaret !"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear :
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away.
This way, this way.
" Mother dear, we cannot stay."
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall'd town.
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.
Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep ;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
 Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye ?
 When did music come this way ?
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away ?
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of the far off-bell.
 She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
 She said ; " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me !
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
 I said ; " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
 She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
 " The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
 Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say.
 Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
 Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folks at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :

" Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah ! she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.

" Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door."

Come away, children, call no more,

Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.

Down to the depths of the sea.

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark, what she sings ; " O joy, O joy

For the humming street, and the child with its toy.

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.

For the wheel where I spun,

And the bless'd light of the sun."

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;

And over the sand at the sea ;

And her eyes are set in a stare ;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,

From a sorrow-clouded eye

And a heart sorrow-laden,

A long, long sigh.

For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid

And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away; away children.
Come children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she.
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow;
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low:
When sweet airs come seaward
From heath starr'd with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill side,
And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one;
But cruel is she:
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

M. Arnold.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time :
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between :
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete
Standing in these walls of time ;
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Longfellow.

Descriptive Travel.



ENGLAND.

OLD ENGLAND.

FAR up, at the source of the streams of the ages, deep in the darkness of distant Time, when the sea-kings were unborn, when the East was the centre of human power, Albion lay like a dot upon the waters...She and her children, the Orkneys and the Shetlands, the Isle of Man and the Isle of Wight, were a sort of fabled region of terror. Horror brooded over these strange isles; the fury of the north wind, the wrath of the angry and chafing seas, quelled the boldest heart.

England must have been old two thousand years ago. At that time, before Cæsar landed, Helvellyn and Scawfell laughed until the neighbouring hills shook their sides again and again in the thunder storm. Then the eagle hovered over Skiddaw, the wolf prowled on the banks of the Rother and the Don, and a savage wilderness of wood frowned from the heights of Benmacduich to the cliffs of Dover.

This was the land; but as yet all its resources were undeveloped: they slept in the bosom of the soil like might in a giant's arm. The moments were fast ripening when this land of forests and floods, of swamps and morasses, of savage beasts, and men almost as savage, was to appear among the nations, girt and ready for the race, the enterprise, and the war...Her mountain fastnesses treasured greater wealth than the mines of Mexico and Peru; her swamps were destined to brighten with the waving green and gold of flax and wheat, or to echo the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle; her valleys were to gleam with the beauty of homestead and farm. On castled crags the feudal turrets were to rear their heads, and over the whole land were to spread the graces of civilisation.

First we have England in the mythologic days,—days halting between day and night,—the twilight time of the ration, the age of portents and of marvels, the age of superstition, of haunted halls and forests... Then the spectre held its own in the dim chamber, and the outlaw his revels in the cave. Then anarchy* glowered sily over the whole land, and force and fraud were dancing along in cap and bells.

Next dawned the brighter morning of the fantastical day, when extensive farthingales† fenced the bodies of our great-great-grandmothers; when long-flowing wigs hung round the necks of the young as well as the old; when gentlemen and courtiers displayed their ruffles and silk breeches, and dangled their swords crosswise; when cocked hats moved about like walking triangles.

Again, in this land of railways could we but see the old stage coach once again, with its six horses, lumbering slowly along the road, how like the nation of our fathers it would seem. Fine gaudy colors adorned the panellings, with long lists of all the towns through which it would pass, painted on its sides. It was a great lumber room in itself, and it was scarcely possible to travel a hundred miles in it without meeting with almost a hundred adventures... That old rolling travelling machine has passed away along with Old England. It is succeeded by an altogether different traveller, wonderfully adapted to its day, as doubtless our fathers thought the old coach adapted to theirs.

Well! all these things are swept away into the lumber room of the past, and now everything is neat and ready to hand. We have cast aside the rough bold manners of old; the punctilious etiquette‡ of later times we are fast laying aside... We have also given up much of the straightforward honesty of those times. If our forefathers, in rising from the dead, would have to sit for instruction at our feet, we too might learn not a little from them.

Old England.

* *Anarchy*, political confusion and commotion; revolution.

† *Farthingales*, hoop-petticoats, re-introduced in 1855, under the form of crinoline; so that the "fantastical day" is not dead yet.

‡ *Punctilious etiquette* (etikét), ceremonious rules of polite intercourse.

LONDON.

MAGNITUDE is the chief feature of London, as grandeur of natural position and scenery is that of Naples—beauty, that of Florence—historical interest that of Rome—shops, boulevards*, ornamented squares and gardens, that of Paris...But in no other city does the peculiar characteristic of a place so force itself upon one's notice as in London. There you are reminded of magnitude whichever way you turn. You soon become insensible to the beauty of Florence, to the shops of Paris, to the ancient glory of Rome; but you never forget for one single moment how vast London is, how great its population...You find, after spending your first week in doing nothing else than scouring the capital from end to end, in order to catch some general notion of the place, that you are as much a stranger as when you began your travels. Though you have gone so far, you have made no progress; though you have seen so much, you know and can remember nothing: you are bewildered with the vastness of everything...Yet it is not you, after all, who are so much interested by this size, as the Londoner himself, who is proud of it, and forces the subject upon you...He talks not of art, pictures, and statues, books, literature; but of London, its streets, squares, and parks; its extent, the masses always abroad, the crowds in the streets; the number of miles across it, the number of miles around it, its growth every day; the countless omnibuses, the huge drays, and the splendid equipages...In the presence of London, it is just as if you met a man fifty feet high, and of a weight proportionable. You are in a state of perpetual astonishment. You feel, moreover, as if you were swallowed up and lost in the enormous mass.

In other capitals, your admiration is directed to the palaces of some of the nobility, one here, and another there; sometimes to the houses of a few of the great commoners; sometimes to a street of palaces, as in Venice; but in London you note these signs of wealth, not only

* *Boulevards* (boulevard), broad, elegant street-promenades, with which New Paris is intersected.

here and there, but everywhere—not only in this street and in that; but in street after street beyond counting, and then in square after square beyond counting. In certain parts of the West End the population seems wholly composed of those who dwell in palaces.

Another feature of London, similar for magnificence, for nobleness as well as vastness, is its Parks. They are in no proper sense of the word, however, parks. They are the country rather than parks; a portion of the country fenced in, with houses just visible in the distance.

It would be absurd to attempt to describe London in any detail. With most other cities, it is the parts, the particular objects, which excite the chief interest; ruins, churches, palaces, museums, galleries, and the like. In London, all such things become subordinate... You prefer the crowds in Fleet Street and the Strand to seeing the Tower, the Crown jewels, the knights on horseback, and the stairs down which Lady Jane Grey went to execution... The excitement is the crowd, the crush, and the apparent confusion. You are witnessing a flow of human life to which there is nothing like anywhere else, and which is a greater thing to witness than all objects of still life whatsoever. It is hardly a stream or flow of life, but a torrent roaring along with all the tumult and rage of Niagara.

London is, as a city, in its arrangements and regulations, perhaps the most complete in the world. All seems in the most perfect order; everything in its place, like the brooms, brushes, dusting-cloths of a perfect housekeeper; and for that prime virtue, cleanliness, it is perhaps more remarkable than any other.... Even the air of London is sweet, save in a few neighbourhoods. The atmosphere is often, indeed, thick with mingled smoke and fog, but the sense of smell is rarely offended, and this is the best evidence of an all-pervading cleanliness... All that side of life in London that has relation to locomotion, either on the narrowest or the broadest scale, from the employment of a porter, a barrow, a hand-cart, to a cab, a hackney-coach, an omnibus, a railroad-car, or train—all such arrangements are like those of the English household, remarkable

for their punctuality, trustworthiness, skill, celerity, honesty, neatness...Nothing can be conceived more complete in all its parts than the management of the post-office department in London. Ten times daily all throughout London there is a penny-post delivery of letters; notes often scarce bigger than the wax that seals them, are conveyed with exactness and rapidity to and from every street, lane, and alley, of the vast metropolis.

A SAUNTER DOWN HOLBORN.

FROM our house, which is our starting point, we have several large and small streets leading to the south, and opening into Holborn, which is one of the great arteries of the world of London. Holborn extends to the east to the old prison of Newgate, where it joins the chief streets of the city; in the west, it merges into Oxford Street, which leads in a straight line to the north side of Hyde Park; the same line then bears Bayswater on the right, and Kensington Gardens on the left.

Holborn is a business street. Shops and plate-glass windows side by side on each hand; the houses covered with sign-boards and inscriptions; busy crowds on either side; costermongers* and itinerant vendors† all along the pavement...One man recommends his dog-collars of all sizes, which he wears round his neck like a chain; another offers to mark our linen; a third produces his magic strops; others hold out note-books, cutlery, prints, caricatures, exhibition medals—all—all for one penny. It seems as if all the world were on sale at a penny a bit...Men with advertising boards slung over their shoulders walk to and fro; and boys keep distributing bills by the hundred, with smiles of deep bliss whenever they meet a charitable soul who takes them. All around you is that bewildering turmoil of human voices, carriage wheels, and horses' hoofs, which pervades the leading streets of crowded cities.

We have just reached a point in Holborn where a great

* *Costermongers*, criers of fruit, &c. borne on a hand- or donkey-barrow.

† *Itinerant vendors*, travelling salesmen, or hawkers.

many streets crossing, leave a small irregular spot in the middle. In the centre of this spot, surrounded by a railing and raised on a piece of masonry, is a gigantic lamp-post—the whole forming what might be called an island of the streets...Every now and then the protection of this island is sought by groups of women and children, who amidst the general din and the noise of the wheels of so many vehicles dashing along in every direction, shrink from a bold rush across the whole breadth of the street.

Leaning against the lamp-post, we have leisure to look around on the sea of moving beings, things and objects which fleet past on every side...Let us glance at some of the advertising tricks; for there is no other town in the world where people advertise with so much persevering energy, on so grand a scale, at such enormous expense, with such impertinent puffery, and with such distinguished success...Behold, rolling down from Oxford Street, three immense wooden pyramids—their outsides painted over with hieroglyphics*, and with monumental letters in English. These pyramids display faithful portraits of Isis† and Osiris, of cats, storks, and of the apes; and amidst them one may read an inscription in glaring letters, as long as a yard, from which it appears, that there is now on view a panorama of Egypt,—one more beautiful, instructing, and interesting than ever was exhibited...For this panorama, continues the inscription, shows the ebb and flood of the Nile, with its hippopotami and crocodiles, and part of the overland mail; and also the railway from Cairo to Alexandria, and the canal to Suez, exactly as projected. And all this for one shilling, with a full, lucid, and interesting lecture into the bargain.

The Overland Route, the Globe, the Colosseum, Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, &c., are, indeed, wonder-works of human industry, skill, and invention; and in every respect are they superior to the usual productions of the

* *Hieroglyphics*, written characters (originally sacred) or symbols, which, instead of words, figured the animals or things intended to be represented.

† *Isis, &c.*, the gods and sacred animals of the ancient Egyptians.

same kind...But, for all that, they must send their advertising vans into the streets; necessity compels them to strike the gong and blow the trumpet. Choice there is none: they must advertise or perish...Each day or each event produces a varied form of advertisement, and everywhere it meets your eye. It swells with the flag in the breeze, and it sets its seal on the pavement; it is on the water, on the paddle-boxes of the steamers, and under the waters in the Thames Tunnel. The arches of the bridges bear their advertisements...But for whom? For the tens of thousands who every day pass under in steamers. For the Thames, too, is one of the London streets, and by no means the least important of them. The advertisement roosts on the highest chimneys, and sparkles in colored letters on street lamps; it forms the prologue* of all the newspapers, and the epilogue† of all the books. It breaks in upon us with the sound of trumpets, and it awes us in the silent sorrow of the Hindoo.‡

Saunterings in London.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

FRUIT and vegetables surround one on every side; the road is blocked up with mountains of cabbages and turnips; and men and women push past with their arms bowed out by the cauliflowers under them, or the red tips of carrots pointing from their crammed aprons, or else their faces are red with the weight of the loaded head-basket.

The donkey-barrows, from their number and singularity, force one to stop and notice them. Every kind of ingenuity has been exercised to construct harness for the costers' steeds; where a buckle is wanting, tape or string make the fastening secure; traces are made of rope and old chain, and an old sack or cotton handkerchief is folded up as a

* *Prologue*, preface or address (chiefly with reference to a play, or dramatic poem).

† *Epilogue*, a poetical address spoken after the conclusion of a play.

‡ *Hindoo*: there are many Hindoo beggars in London, in their native dress, who stand at various points, with an air of apparent meekness, and in a fixed attitude, like bronze images.

saddle-pad. Some few of the barrows make a magnificent exception, and are gay with bright brass; while one of the donkeys may be seen dressed in a suit of old plated carriage-harness, decorated with coronets in all directions... At some one of the coster conveyances stands the proprietor, arranging his goods, the dozing animal starting up from its sleep each time a heavy basket is hoisted on the tray. Others, with their green and white and red load neatly arranged, are ready for starting, but the coster is finishing his breakfast at the coffee-stall... On one barrow there may occasionally be seen a solitary sieve of apples, with the horse of some neighbouring cart helping himself to the pip-pins while the owner is away. The men that take charge of the trucks, while the costers visit the market, walk about with their arms full of whips and sticks. At one corner a donkey has slipped down, and lies on the stones covered with the cabbages and apples that have fallen from the cart.

The market itself presents a beautiful scene. In the clear bright air of an autumn morning the whole of the vast square is distinctly seen from one end to the other. The sky is red and golden with the newly-risen sun, and the rays falling on the fresh and vivid colors of the fruit and vegetables, brighten up the picture as with a coat of varnish... There is no shouting, as at other markets, but a low murmuring hum is heard, like the sound of the sea at a distance, and through each entrance to the market the crowd sweeps by... Under the dark Piazza* little bright dots of gas-lights are seen burning in the shops; and in the paved square the people pass and cross each other in all directions, hampered together, and excepting the carter from the country, every one is on the move... Sometimes a huge column of baskets is seen in the air, and walks away in a marvellously steady manner; or a monster railway van, laden with sieves of fruit, and with the driver perched up on his high seat, jolts heavily over the stones... Cabbages are piled up into stacks, as it were. Carts heaped high with turnips, bunches of carrots, and plump

* *Piazza*, a covered street—the one side lined with gay shops; the other open, and supported by pillars.

mangel-wurzel, are seen in all directions. Flower-girls, with large bundles of violets under their arms, run past, leaving a trail of perfume behind them... Waggons, with their shafts sticking up in the air, are ranged before the salesmen's shops, the high green load railed in with hurdles, and every here and there bunches of turnips are seen flying in the air over the heads of the people... Groups of apple-women, with straw pads on their crushed bonnets, and coarse shawls crossing their bosoms, sit chatting in Irish, and smoking short pipes; every passer-by is hailed with the cry of "Want a basket, yer honor?"... The porter, trembling under the piled-up hamper, trots along the street, with his teeth clenched, perspiring with the weight, and staggering at every step.

Inside, the market is all bustle and confusion. The people walk along with their eyes fixed on the goods, and frowning with thought. Men in all costumes, from the coster in his corduroy suit to the greengrocer in his blue apron, sweep past... A countryman, in an old straw hat and dusty boots, occasionally draws down the anger of a woman for walking about with his hands in the pockets of his smock-frock, and is asked, "if that is the way to behave on a market-day?" Even the granite pillars can not stop the crowd, for it separates and rushes past them, like the tide by a bridge pier... At every turn there is a fresh odor to sniff at; either the bitter aromatic perfume of the herbalists' shops breaks upon you, or the scent of oranges, then of apples, and then of onions, is caught for an instant as you move along... The brocoli tied up in square packets, with their curdled cream-like faces peeping outwards; the sieves of crimson-love apples, polished like china; the bundles of white glossy leeks, their roots dangling like fringe; the celery, with its pinky stalks and bright green tops, the dark purple pickling-cabbages, the scarlet carrots, the white knobs of turnips, the bright yellow balls of oranges, and the rich brown coats of the chestnuts—attract the eye on every side... Then there are the apple-merchants, with their fruit of all colors, from the pale yellow green to the bright crimson, and the baskets ranged in rows on the pavement before the little shops.

Round these the customers stand examining the stock, then whispering together over their bargain, and counting their money..."Give you four shillings for this here lot, master," says a coster, speaking for his three companions. "Four-and-six is my price," answers the salesman. "Say four, and it's a bargain," continues the man. "I said my price," returns the dealer; "go and look round, and see if you can get 'em cheaper; if not, come back. I only want what's fair." The men, taking the salesman's advice, move on... The walnut-merchant, with the group of women before his shop, peeling the fruit, their fingers stained deep brown, is busy with the Irish purchasers. The onion stores, too, are surrounded by Hibernians, feeling and pressing the gold-colored roots, whose dry skins crackle as they are handled...Cases of lemons in their white paper jackets, and blue grapes, just seen above the sawdust, are ranged about; and in some places the ground is slippery as ice from the refuse leaves and walnut-husks scattered over the pavement.

Mayhew.

THE LONDON POLICEMAN.

THE policeman, no matter whether in a uniform or in plain clothes, is a soldier of peace — a sentinel on a neutral post, and as such he is as much entitled to respect as the soldier who takes the field against a foreign invader. This is the case in England...The policeman is always ready to give his assistance and friendly advice; the citizen is never brought into an embarrassing and disagreeable contact with the police; and the natural consequence of this state of things is, that the most friendly feelings exist between the policeman and the honest part of the population. Whenever the police have to interfere and want assistance, the inhabitants are ready to support them, for they know that the police seldom act without good reasons.

The streets which skirt the banks of the Thames are most horrible. There the policeman does not saunter along on his beat with that easy and comfortable air which distinguishes him in the western parts of the town. Indeed, in many instances, they walk by twos and twos, with dirks

under their coats, and rattles to call in the aid of their comrades...Many policemen and detectives* who, hunting on the track of some criminal, have ventured into these dens of infamy, have disappeared; and no trace has been left of them. They fell as victims to the vengeance of some desperate villain whom, perhaps, on a former occasion, they had brought to justice...And it would almost appear to be a part of the system of the London robbers, that some policeman must be killed from time to time as a warning to his comrades.

It is a remarkable fact, that a London policeman, though his duty brings him constantly in contact with the very dregs of the earth, contracts none of their habits of rudeness, which appear to be an essential portion of the stock-in-trade of the continental police. One should say, that the "force" in England is recruited from a most meritorious class of society—one in which patience, gentleness, and politeness are hereditary...Look there! A fine strapping fellow crossing the street with a child in his arms! The girl is trembling as an aspen-leaf, for she was just on the point of getting under a wheel. That fine fellow has taken her up; and now you see he crosses again and fetches the little girl's mother, who stands bewildered with the danger, and whom he conducts in safety to the opposite pavement.

The continental policeman is the torment of the stranger. The London policeman is the stranger's friend. If you are in search of an acquaintance and only know the street where he lives, apply to the policeman on duty in that street, and he will show you the house, or at least assist you in your search...If you lose your way, turn to the first policeman you meet; he will take charge of you and direct you. If you would ride in an omnibus without being familiar with the goings and comings of those four-wheeled planets, speak to a policeman, and he will keep you by his side until the "bus" you want comes within hailing distance...If you should happen to have an

* *Detectives*, policemen who act in secret. They are dressed in plain clothes, and mix with suspected criminals as private men.

amicable dispute with a cabman — and what stranger can escape that infliction? — you may confidently appeal to the judgment of a policeman ... If you come to a steam-boat wharf or a railway-station, and are at a loss how to proceed, pray pour your sorrows into the sympathetic ear of the policeman. He will direct yourself and baggage; he will assist you in the purchase of a ticket, or tell you where to apply and how to proceed.

Saunterings in London.



WINCHESTER.

WHAT an interesting old city is Winchester! and how few people are aware of it! The ancient capital of the kingdom — the capital of the British and the Saxon and the Norman kings — the favorite resort of royalty even till the revolution of 1688... Where is the city of Great Britain which can show so many objects of antique beauty, or call up so many national recollections? Here it was that, while Caractacus himself reigned, the fate of the brave Queen Boadicea was sealed. Stung to the quick with the insults she had received from the Romans, this noble queen of the Iceni had vowed to root out the Roman power from her country. Had she succeeded, Caractacus himself had probably fallen... At the head of the most numerous British army till then ever seen, she came breathing utter extermination to everything Roman or of Roman alliance... Already had she laid in ashes London and St. Albans — carrying destruction to the Roman in her route. But in this neighbourhood she was met by the Roman general Paulinus, and defeated with great slaughter... In despair she destroyed herself. Instead of entering the city in triumph, she was carried in a breathless corpse for burial.

Here, after a succession of stout kings, reigned Egbert, who first united the Saxon Heptarchy, and made Winchester the capital of England... Here lived Ethelwolph, famous for the grant of the charter of tithes on all the lands of England; and his still more famous son, King Alfred... Hence Alfred went forth to fight those battles which freed his

country from the marauding Dane. Beset by them on all sides, he conquered, christianised, and, skilfully enough, planted them as his peaceful subjects in those parts which they themselves had depopulated...He raised an effective national militia, built and maintained the first English fleet, organised a system of police; so that, under him, England speedily assumed such an air of security as it never knew before. Thus he cemented the union which his grandfather Egbert had nominally made.

Now he set himself to improve the constitution and the laws. He divided the whole country into tithings, hundreds, and shires, with proper magistrates in each, and granted appeal from the court of the tithing to that of the hundred, thence to the shire; and, finally, if necessary, to himself...Besides the monthly meetings of each hundred for the due administration of justice, there was an annual one, which has given to many hundreds the name of Wapentake: for to it every man came equipped with *weapons*. Then was made a stern inquiry into the conduct of the police and magistrates, as well as into that of the people; and all abuses were impartially redressed...Assizes were held twice a year in each shire, twice a year he assembled the states in the capital; no man was tried for any offence until twelve freeholders* had made due examination of his case.

When the Normans came over, London began to rival Winchester. A great river is the true seat for a great capital, and with the growth of commerce, the material advantage of the Thames eclipsed all considerations of pleasure...Still, in Winchester, and in the neighbourhood of the Forest, the Norman conqueror found himself in a paradise.

Howitt.

THE CITY OF YORK.

OLD YORK ! drowsy, venerable old York, that has stood for ages, looking into the sluggish waters of the Ouse; or has been trembling and tottering, and crumbling to decay, for nearly 800 years...Old York has been awakened now by the scream, and snort, and clatter of the iron-limbed, brazen-

- *Freeholders*, proprietors of landed estates, however small.

throated, steed of the rail...The old embattled* wall, which the fierce Edward Longshanks is said to have built upon the line of the old Roman wall, has been pierced to make way for the iron bands of peaceful traffic; and the huge locomotive whistles through the breach† with a more cheerful whiz than ever bullet, bolt, or battering ram did of yore.

Nobody knows when York became York. Historians say that the early Britons built little huts, with hazel-wood stakes, warped with osiers, and plastered with mud, upon the banks of the woody Ouse, and upon the spot where York now stands; and that the Romans came, nineteen centuries ago, and drove the Britons away, and built a station on this spot, which they called Eboracum.

The Romans kept possession of Old England for nearly four centuries, and during that time York was a place of more account than even London, and the emperors took up their abode here...There are several memorials of the Romans about this ancient capital; for three mounts, to the west of the city, are still called the hills of Severus; and down in the foundations of old fabrics, urns and tablets, and coins, and other remains, have, of late years, been brought to light, as witnesses of Roman power and enterprise.

When Rome was exhausted by her wars, and when the reaction of her cruelties and oppressions began to roll back upon herself, from the banks of the Rhine and Danube, the Romans went away from Britain...Then the fighting, cunning Saxons came, with Horsa and Hengist, and they took such a fancy to the fertile plains of England that there they remained; and of Northumberland, one of the divisions of the Heptarchy, York became the capital.

When William the Conqueror came from France in 1066, with his hungry, feather and iron-headed, and brass and steel-handed followers, they slew many Saxons at Hastings, and then all the nation but York submitted to the Norman...For six months did a confederacy of Saxons hold the city against the forces of the spoiler, but starvation fought against them within the walls, and so they were con-

* *Embattled*, provided with battlements—indented, notched parapets: the indents being used for the discharge of missiles.

† *Breach*, gap caused by mechanical force or violence.

strained to let William and his men come in from without... The Conqueror built the old castle, which stood where the present one stands, in the angle formed by the confluence of the Fors and Ouse, at the southern extremity of the city; and he placed the furious Cliffords in it, in order that they might frighten the Yorkers, if they dared to rebel any more.

The old wall, three and a half miles in circumference, is planted firmly on green sloping banks, and buttressed up by the shoulders of old embattled buildings... They stand where a Roman wall stood, in days of yore, and there Edward I., in 1280, built a stone wall, which General Lesley and Sir Thomas Fairfax battered down, in the year 1644, but which was repaired, some years ago, that quiet people might stroll on them, and muse upon the transitions they have seen.

Once upon a day, York possessed twenty-eight parish churches, but eleven of these have fallen to the ground, leaving seventeen to dart their sharp-pointed spires up into the heavens, and amid which looms the world-famous Minster.

York Minster is said to have been founded on Easter-day, the 12th of April, 627. It was merely a wooden erection, quickly constructed for the baptism of Edwin, King of Northumberland. The wooden pile was taken down by this monarch, and a stone one founded in its place... The church went on extending and rising, and ultimately grew into the magnificent cathedral which it now is, owning no superior, as a Gothic building, in Europe.

York at one period rivalled London, and Edward I. even removed the courts of law, for seven years, to the former city; but Edward and all his men, and all his laws, could not transform the Ouse into the Thames. So the metropolis went on striding over rivers, and transforming green fields into streets, and lovely rural streams into common sewers, and parks and forests into squares and brick houses; while York stood, like an old feudal tenancy*, and gradually declined in size and stateliness... York is still warlike in ex-

* *Feudal tenancy*, vide "Historical Narrative," p. 275.

ternal appearance, with its noble wall and its four grim gates; and there is a look of gravity and grimness about the quaint streets and lanes, that insensibly recalls the days that are gone...But hark to the impatient scream of the genius of the new era! How the iron steed snorts and pants to be gone! In the glance of an eye, and the draught of a breath, and we are off.

Railway Readings.

NEWCASTLE.

THE impression made upon the stranger visiting Newcastle now-a-days, has no relation to its eventful past. Its old walls, with the exception of a few sturdy fragments and one or two solitary towers, are pulled down. From being a town of military importance, it has now become one of commercial character...Wide over its hills stretch its dense buildings, and its tall chimneys vomiting volumes of blackest smoke. On its river lie numbers of ships, and busy steamers are plying about...A bridge, bearing a dusky and somewhat melancholy resemblance to London Bridge, and spanning a lesser Thames, links the city with Gateshead; and right and left, up and down the river, on this side of the country and on that, the kindred objects of coal-mines, and railways, strike the eye...Along the bank of the river you see ranges, one above another, of dim and dirty buildings, which have stood for centuries amid the smoke of the great capital of coal; and higher up, you catch the tops of houses and ranges of streets that indicate a certain degree of modern magnificence.

Newcastle has doubled its population within from thirty to forty years. It has been enriched almost entirely by the coal trade, which attracts vessels from all parts of the world to discharge their merchandise upon its quays. By the exchanges which follow these transactions, a multitude of trades are called into activity, which in their turn give employment and wealth to industrious thousands, who, spreading over the neighbourhood, form new and flourishing communities...In this way North and South Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, and many intermediate villages on its banks, have sprung up within the memory of persons

now living. Of the coal annually consumed in London, one half may be said to be supplied from Newcastle.

The great wall*, which was built by the Romans nearly 1800 years ago across the narrowest part of England, ended near the hills on which Newcastle stands...The wall ran from the Solway Firth to a point on the banks of the Tyne, three miles east of Newcastle, and called to this day Walls-end: whence the name of the well-known coal.

Howitt.

HOLY ISLAND.

We land beneath the bluff† on a bare stony beach; the boys are left in charge of the boat, the skipper thinks he will call on his sister, whom he has not seen for months, while the two passengers ascend the steep and cross the field to the monastery. Judging from appearances, this venerable dark red structure will stand long, for it is properly protected by fences and walls...The Rainbow, as it has been called, one of the tower arches, still hangs aloft, with its diagonal span, too light, as it seems, for the massive columns ranged below...The west front is in good preservation, having a deep Norman doorway with bold mouldings. The south aisle‡ and south side of the nave§ are gone; but you can see one of the row of arches, narrower than the rest, compressed into a horseshoe form, and there are appearances which show that the nave was once roofed with stone...Among the out-buildings the big kitchen chimney remains; and many a rare effect of light and shade and contrast of color will you get while wandering about the ruin.

From lying opposite to the brook Lindis, the island was in ancient days called Lindisfarne; but Aidan, the first bishop, invited and encouraged by Oswald, left his retreat at Iona||, and having built the first church, earnest monks

* See "Historical Narrative," p. 245.

† *Bluff*, precipice overhanging the sea.

‡ *Aisle*, (ile), wings or side divisions.

§ *Nave*, the central or middle division.

|| *Iona*, one of the Hebrides; and anciently also the seat of a monastery.

and the renowned saint followed, and the name was changed to Holy Island...That first church had walls of oaken balks*, and a roof of reeds; and it is well to remember that Aidan, and the monarch his friend, were both of that Christian church which already had communities in the north of England before St. Augustine landed with his missionaries in Kent.

Thoughts chase one another strangely through the mind while we stroll beneath the time-worn arches: now of groups of wondering listeners as the first Christian teacher told his errand; now of the wild sea-kings sweeping all before them with fire and sword; now of a monastery renowned for its sanctity, attracting pilgrims from all parts of Christendom...Not all the works of those old monks are as ruinous as their abode, for many of their books yet remain: some preserved in that cathedral which looks down on the Wear, and one in the British Museum...You may see it, reader, the next time you go there, a thick volume, described as the Durham Manuscript, bound in jewel covers, lying in the glass-case. It is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, the work, as a memorandum in Anglo-Saxon informs us, of three monks of Lindisfarne.

While recrossing the herring beach, we had a pretty sight in the departure of a number of fishing boats. The tide served, evening was coming on, and one after another they hoisted sail, stood out of the bay, made a tack, and then away to the open sea for five-and-twenty miles.

White's Northumberland, &c.

THE GOODWIN SANDS.

EVERYBODY has heard, and heard with awe, of the Goodwin Sands. They have heard strange wild stories, not only of their danger, but of their origin. How where they now yawn to engulf the ships, once stood firm land—an island belonging to the famous Earl Godwin, father of King Harold; and really, so rarely is tradition without truth, that we are inclined to believe strong land did once lie where

* *Balks*, pieces of timber 4 in. to 10 in. square.

now the Sands are. . . If so, however, it must have been centuries and centuries before Godwin was born; it must have happened at a time beyond all written record; but that tradition may carry back so far is proved by the fact that several nations, cut off from all the rest of the world, and without a leaf of writing, repeat to their children, to this day, some vague story of the Deluge.

Old legends of the old historians, however, insist on ascribing the transformation of the Goodwin Sands to an island to the time of Earl Godwin himself. . . By some it is said that a great feast was held on the island in honor of the marriage of the Earl's daughter; that the castle was full of noble guests, and that there were dancing, and gaiety, and all the mad frolic of the time; that in the height of midnight mirth a tempest rose, and in the morning the castle, and the houses were gone, and nothing left but the raging sea and the engulfing sands. . . Others say that the Earl once made an unsuccessful foray * into Kent. Being in great peril, he made a solemn vow that if he were delivered from the desperate situation he was then in, he would build a steeple at Tenterden in honor of the Virgin. . . His vows were heard; and he was so absorbed in the building of the steeple that he neglected the sea-walls of his island; and the sea, pouring in upon it, in the height of a storm and earthquake, totally destroyed it. This story, no doubt, is the origin of the story that Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands. . . Again, Hector Boëthius, a writer who lived at the close of the fifteenth century, says, "About the end of the reign of King William Rufus, there was a sudden and mighty inundation of the sea, by which a great part of Flanders was drenched and lost, and the same storm violently overwhelmed Earl Godwin's isle with a light sand, and it became a most dreadful gulf, and *ship-swallower*."

But if there have been vague legends as to the *origin* of the Goodwins, there still exists a very mistaken idea as to the nature of them—a mistake which is fallen into by Boë-

* *Foray*, an expedition for the purpose of plunder, a means of subsistence at that time common.

thus above quoted. . . It is almost universally believed that the Goodwin Sands are, as it were, soft to the bottom, with certain powers of suction, like a bog; that they are, in short, what they are above called, gulfs and ship-swallowers. . . This is by no means the fact. The Sands lie upon a surface perfectly hard—so hard, indeed, that only by extraordinary means can it be penetrated to any considerable depth. If these sands were as voracious as they are generally supposed to be, it would be impossible to erect beacons on them; and yet this has been done several times. . . A refuge-beacon erected by Captain Bullock stood for years without sinking an inch, and might have stood to this day had it not been knocked down by a light schooner, running over the Goodwins at high-water.

The sudden disappearance of large ships on the Goodwins, arises from their being wrung to pieces by the violence of the surf, and the irregular action of tides and currents. After knocking about in this way for a few minutes, ships are sometimes rolled bodily over into deep water and sunk. . . At the same time, the Sands are not shallow, and shift considerably. Heavy bodies sink into them easily, and, if not very bulky, soon become covered, to reappear from time to time, with the changes of wind and tide.

The Trinity Board erected a refuge-beacon not long ago. The ball upon its summit is fifty-one feet high, and the refuge gallery at least thirty-three feet above high-water mark. This place of safety is rendered easy of access; and the stability of the beacon is insured by four pairs of iron shrouds attached to the upright cylinder. This passes through the main body of the sand down to the Chuck rocks, upon which the particles of sand composing the Goodwins are collected. . . High-water mark reaches to the top of the large cylinder, and then the Goodwins are covered with water in many places eighteen feet deep, and in no part is there less than eight feet.

But, alas! practice has verified what the Deal boatmen predicted—namely, that all refuge-beacons upon the Goodwin Sands would be useless things. These practical men predicted that they would never be the means of saving life. . . The view the Deal men took of this matter has, up

to the present time, proved quite correct; for they affirm, that no human being has ever been saved by taking refuge in any one of them. And the reason is obvious. It is generally in the darkest nights that ships get upon these shoals, and then the refuge beacon cannot be found by the bewildered and benumbed mariners.

On an average, fourteen ships are wrecked on the Goodwins every year. This is not a large number, comparatively speaking; and notwithstanding their terrible reputation, there is very little doubt that the Goodwin Sands are a real benefit to mariners, and the cause of far more safety than danger... They very efficiently serve the purpose of a *break-water* to the anchorage of the Downs; and it is precisely because of the existence of the Sands that the Downs are so safe a refuge in tempest... If the Goodwins were removed, the ships in these narrow seas would be exposed to almost all the winds that blow; and from being the most thronged anchorage in the world, the Downs would become one of the most avoided.

Boys' Magazine.

TENBY.

THE very centre of the picture is filled by an object of great interest to all visitors of Tenby—St. Catherine's Island.

It is an isolated rock of considerable size, and of bold and picturesque outline, springing abruptly from the sand and gravel at the water's edge at low tide, so that while the further end is in somewhat deep water, the nearer is left quite dry by the ebb of even ordinary tides... It is an immense block of compact limestone, forming deep receding coves and projecting headlands; and split everywhere into fissures, which in many places have been enlarged into caverns... Towards the nearer or western end, either some convulsion of nature, or the wearing action of winds and seas, has entirely pierced the island in several places, so that we can pass quite through from one side to the other.

A winding path of rude steps cut in the rock, aided by natural projections and slopes, leads to the summit. Here

there is a short sweet turf which supports a few sheep, half wild creatures, that run, turn and look, run again, and leap from crag to crag, almost with the agility of the Alpine chamois.

It is one interesting peculiarity in this region of old historic fame, that almost every little knoll, or point, or island rock, has its ruin. Castles, abbeys, and priories, in mouldering decay, remain everywhere in the principality* to attest the grandeur of the ancient inhabitants... This little rock has its highest point crowned with the grey and mossy walls of an old chapel, dedicated to Saint Catherine, after whom the island itself was named.

A fine commanding view is obtained from this spot, both inland and seaward. At the rear, the entire town of Tenby is seen, the southern terraces and houses just in front crowning the rugged cliffs, with flights of steps leading down to the sands; and the ancient wall pierced by the arch of the south gate of the town, running up the Castle-hill... Over the gate we see the northern terraces crowning another range of cliffs, scarcely less lofty; and more beautiful, from the trees and bushes which clothe them to the water's edge. The old church, with a modern but very elegant spire, forms a picturesque finish to the town, rising from its centre, the loftiest part, and piercing the sky with its long-drawn point.

All around, the prospect is pleasing. Northward and eastward we trace the cliffs projecting in bluffs of stern grandeur, and receding gradually till they run out into the spit of isolated rocks known as Monkstone Point... Then follow, much more remote, the hills, chequered with fields that make the ample sweep of Caermarthen Bay. More and more the coast, as it stretches to the east, fades into the uniform blue of distance, dwindling to a line where the Burry estuary cleaves the land. There clouds of dense smoke, white in the sunbeams, are seen rising, and a telescope enables us to see the tall chimneys that mark the smelting furnaces of Pembrey.

Far beyond this, so faint and dim that it can be discerned only in a peculiarly moist condition of the atmosphere, is

* *i.e.*, Wales.

the coast of Devonshire, about Ilfracombe, and on towards Hartland Point...It would be nothing to most people, but to me it is interesting to gaze upon it, slight and shadowy as its outline is, because it recalls the pleasant memories of Ilfracombe. Lundy, almost as dim, appears like a little cloud on the south-west horizon.

Gosse.

THE SCILLY ISLES.

It is puzzling to determine the number of the Scilly Isles, because, where the largest, St. Mary's, is on a scale of no greater magnitude than nine miles in circumference, it becomes a nice point to settle how *small* a patch of rock is to be reckoned as an island...There are some hundred or hundred and twenty distinct islets, but of inhabited islands only six. The area in statute acres is 3560, and the population in 1851 was, according to the census, 2600 in 511 houses...The average of deaths is 16 in 1000; in other parts of England it is 23 in 1000, showing a decided superiority in favor of Scilly...Much arable land there is not, but an occasional upland smiles prosperity at you, and in the sheltered nooks of Holy Vale you are startled with the appearance of what almost looks like a tree. In the other parts no tree is discoverable without the aid of a microscope...The lanes are formed of stone fences, as in Devonshire and Cornwall...These are decked with the furze, with its profuse bunches of gold; from the crevices peep the stone-crop, the leaves of the fox-glove, penny-wort, and a multitude of other wall-loving plants, dear to my eye, though unknown by name; already the dog-violet and celandine are gay with color, and the mosses tint the stone with delicate pale greys or greens, deep orange, or bright gold.

The grouping of the islands is very picturesque, forming several good sounds, where vessels of great tonnage find secure anchorage, and give a pleasant aspect to the scene... Standing on any of the eminences, we gaze down upon the deep blue of the bays, the white sweep of sands, and rugged reefs, and purple masses of the opposite shores; the plaint of the sea gull, floating overhead, being almost the only

sound audible, except the never-ending music of the waters... As we ramble round the coast, the successive scenes of the unfolding panorama make us long to have the artist's power of transferring them to our sketch-book.

The rocks are entirely of granite, and the huge wave-worn boulders, sudden pillars, and piles of broad ledges into which they have been disrupted, give endless variety to their forms. Sometimes they have a castellated aspect, as at "Giants' Castle," on the southern coast, a noble edifice of nature's cunning architecture... Beautiful are the outlines of its topmost grey shelving ledges, softened with shaggy pale green lichen—beautiful its huge masses of warm light brown, darkening downwards to the shining reefs that jut from the Atlantic waves, which lift their curling masses of crystal greenness into momentary splendor, and then dash, and break, and whirl in milky eddies among the ever-passive rocks... Passive are they? Yes; and yet passivity itself is only a slower action which escapes our notice. The rocks, too, are mutinous with change, could our eyes but follow it... They, too, grow, and change, and die. Changeless they seem, in contrast with the impatient waters; and yet they give up their elements to the wooing breeze, and to the restless wave, which gradually round off their angles and smooth their rugged roughness... Mysterious and beautiful law, which ordains that the stubborn skeleton shall take its moulding from the gentle pressure of the softer flesh, as the sterner asperities of life are moulded finally by tenderness and love!

Sea Side Studies.

CORNISH MINERS.

If you can get up before the Cornish miners, you may see all the cottages, scattered over a populous little district near the mines, quiet and dull enough in the grey morning... Soon, however, the scene becomes very lively for this part of the country, and if you stand on a height you see, as far as the eye can reach, men, women, and children of all ages, beginning to creep out of low cottage doors. You watch their course, and observe that, after various

windings, all begin to converge towards one spot, and that one spot is the mine and its shaft...To that entrance the old men walk direct and grave, while the maidens and boys skip or move towards it more indirectly. On their arrival at the mine each set diverges to its different tasks, the women and children to the rough sheds under which they work at the surface work of the mine...The men retire into a house, and, having stripped, put on their underground clothes, composed of coarse flannel, and generally much the worse for wear...These underground miners now begin to descend, not in threes, fours, and fives, as in the northern coal pits, but one by one, as they generally descend by long and numerous ladders.

Where they descend by the man machines their journey is easy both down and up; where by ladders, it is a sad prospect for them, both in going in and returning...A very short space of time serves thus to separate fathers and brothers from sons, and daughters, and sisters; and presently the latter are working cheerily above ground, while the former are blasting, and hammering, and picking, thousands of feet below them.

Now a remarkable deadness prevails all around. The tall chimneys of the steam-engine emit no smoke, and nothing is in motion but the great bobs or levers of those gigantic machines, which, as they slowly and solemnly rise and fall, exert their power either to lift the water or produce from the mine, or to stamp the ores. Man, the lord of the earth, is now at this spot much below the cattle: they are lazily browsing or ruminating on the scanty surface, under the open influence of sun and air, while he is toiling away in far, deep darkness, and rocky seclusion...The distance he goes underground, and the places he continues to work in when he arrives at his "pitch," are known to few besides the Cornish miner himself!...A practical miner can work in a level 600 feet from a shaft without inconvenience, if there be good ventilation, but men have been known to lose five or six pounds of weight at a single "spell" of labor. This loss arises from profuse perspiration at the bottom of a deep mine, where the temperature is often nearer ninety than eighty degrees.

Let us now watch the men ascending the mine after work. This is what they call "coming to grass:" this does not refer to any animal propensity to graze, but simply to coming to the surface, which they always term "the grass"...Up and out they come, one by one, like bees out of a great hive—laden, however, with anything but honey! Observe them rising up out of different shafts, perspiring, dirty, and jaded, each with the remainder of his bunch of candles hanging at the bottom of his flannel jacket. Now they flock to the engine-house, where they leave their underground clothes to dry...They all wash themselves in the warm water of the engine pool, and put on their decent "grass" clothes. About the same time the grass-workers, the maidens, and boys, and women, have stopped work and washed their faces...They now proceed homewards, past chimneys and heaps, and mining erections, and then across fields and commons, in different directions and different groups...The men look grave and fatigued, and speak little and curtly; the wives want to chatter, and must therefore chatter chiefly with one another...The lads talk and laugh, and sometimes stop and wrestle on a green soft spot, trying to practise the "Cornish hug," a famous wrestling manœuvre.* The bigger boys advance by playing leap-frog. Little urchins of tiny growth stand on their heads, or tumble head over heels; mothers scold and sisters laugh at them...The group now grows smaller and smaller at every cottage passed †; and finally, down they come to the last family and the last man, who, having to proceed farther than the others, seems like the weary survivor of a vanished race, until he also at last disappears under a low door, and all the scene is silent as at morn.

Cornwall: Mines and Miners.

* *Manœuvre* (man-yu-ver), dexterous trick; in warlike tactics, to *manœuvre* means to *cause to go through evolutions* (movements of attack or defence).

† Cottage *passed*, or passed cottage. "Passed" is here the perf. participle. The phrase may be resolved into the less elegant expression,—(cottage) *that is passed*; or, *as* (every cottage) *is passed*.

NORTHERN EUROPE.

COAST OF NORWAY.

EVERY one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two,—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them...On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long straggling promontories are mountainous towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows... The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called fiords) from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these are scarcely more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; then before the day is half over, out come the stars,—the glorious stars, which shine like nothing that we have ever seen... There the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets, and the constellations of the sky, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth

his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices... In the summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie* and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit the islets: and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city... Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day... Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests makes this music as it goes. The stiff spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night-wind in a Norwegian forest wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through... This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is sound in the midst of the long winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak... Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two;—wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road, there is a human habitation, and the sounds that belong to it... Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

Feats of the Fiord.

* *Eyrie* or *aerie* (é-ry), nest of an eagle or hawk, &c.; also, covey birds.

THE COPPER MINE OF FAHLUN.

IN one part of Dalecarlia stands a town, which may well be called the *Black Town*. It is generally covered with a thick smoke, so thick, that often you could not see three steps before you. The approach to this gloomy place is by a dark and dreary road, between walls and hills of brown slag *...It is a town of burnt metal through which you advance. The streets are black, the houses are black, all that you see is black. No, the water is yellow-green, and before you, where the way terminates, sulphur-colored flames ascend... The smoke has destroyed all wood and verdure: instead of grass and trees, there is deformity and desolation; and in place of the sweet smell of flowers, a constant sulphurous fume. Now you may think this a very disagreeable town; but the Swedes are very proud of it; indeed, it is the chief town in Dalecarlia... And as to the sulphurous smoke, though it makes one sneeze, and cough, and feel nearly suffocated at times, yet the people do not grumble; and when Queen Christina visited this extraordinary place, and her courtiers expressed a fear that the strong fumes annoyed her, she answered in a cheerful tone, "God grant that such a smoke may never fail!"... For this is the town of Fahlun, which, from its large, celebrated, and valuable copper-mine, may be styled "the eighth wonder of the world."

Amidst all the gloom, blackness, and desolation of Fahlun, the eye rests with pleasure on two handsome churches, with their lofty towers and copper roofs. As we advance along the strange and gloomy road, we hear the humming of the roaring flames, and see them as they blaze wild and changeable in the distance... Those flames rise from the ovens where the copper is roasted. How black the streets are! and how deserted and dull! Ah! now the wind has blown the smoke right in our faces; it makes us cough terribly, but we will hasten on... There you see is the huge mouth of the great copper mine. Is it not large? What an abyss! Yes; just like an underground giant opening

* *Slag*, vitreous, cindery refuse of iron- (and other) works.

an enormous mouth. And from this wide, deep, dark opening have been cast up for ages, treasures of noble metal...The wealth of Sweden comes from the bowels of the earth, and from the depths of the sea. The timber on her stately hills, the iron and copper in her mines, and the fisheries on her coasts—these are her riches...Now let us lean over this low fence round the mouth of the mine, and look down into the black gulf. We see nothing but a dark abyss; we hear nothing but the thunder of the blasting, and the hollow echoes repeating it. Yes, if you gaze steadfastly down you will see a light. There is another; and another: they move—can they be torches carried by men?...Yes; though the men appear like birds, or rather, ants. They are coming up from still deeper regions. It makes one giddy to look down. We go into the mine-house, which stands opposite to the descent...Here we put on a black blouse, a leathern belt, and a felt hat with a broad brim; which are to protect our clothes from smoke and soot. Now we go into the landing-room, in which a fire has burnt time out of mind: no one remembers when it was kindled...Through the hundreds of years during which the mine has been worked, this fire has burned upon its brink. Even once when the mine fell in, and no one could work, the miners would not allow the fire to go out...Here are the guides with their pine torches! We must also carry a lighted torch. And now we go down the dark, winding staircase...What a wonderful place it is! We are now 270 feet below the surface of the earth, but one may go very much deeper. This mine is like a town underground; with its astonishingly intricate passages, shafts, caverns, and halls. More than 1,200 miners were formerly employed at once in it, and it is said it would require eight days to go through all its rooms and passages...Some of these rooms have curious names. There is the Jewel, the Crown, the Sceptre, Prince Oscar's Path, the Black Knight, the Imperial Apple, the North Star, the Silver Region, the King's Hall, the Copper Dragon, &c., &c...See how the walls glitter when the guide strikes his torch against them! Look at the beautiful colors, red, gold, and green. When the great Gustavus Adolphus

stood in one of these rooms, where the bright copper ore shone from the walls, the floor, and roof, he exclaimed, "Where is the monarch who has such a palace as that in which we now are!" ... Almost all the kings and queens of Sweden have visited this mine. Charles the Ninth called it "Sweden's Fortune," and desired that the great room might be named the "Room of God's Gifts."

The poor miners have not a pleasant life, but they are contented. It is cold, damp, gloomy, and always night in the mine. It is dangerous too: there are many places where, if your foot slipped—and the ground is very slippery—you would fall down into a black gulf! And sometimes part of the mine falls in, and buries the poor workman alive, or crushes him to death.

Stories from European History.



A LAPLAND FARM.

THE distant barking of the dogs told the approach of the deer, which were at length seen winding along the mountains at the distance of nearly a mile, and at first presenting only the appearance of a black moving mass...The fold, towards which they were being driven, was a large space that had been cleared of the brushwood and enclosed by branches of the dwarf birch and aspen; which formed a fence and prevented the animals from straying...As they approached they made frequent snortings, while a loud crackling was heard, occasioned by their hoofs striking against each other.

The deer, which are endowed with an exquisite sense of smell, soon perceived that there were strangers near; and the appearance of an Englishman, which was so different from that of the Laplanders, alarmed them to such a degree, as to render it necessary for him to retire till they had entered the fold. After some difficulty, the whole herd was collected within the circle, and the women, bringing their bowls from the tent, began the operation of milking, which, as some hundreds of deer were assembled, was likely to occupy a considerable time...In this

both men and women were busily engaged. Before each deer was milked, a cord with a noose was thrown round the horns, by which it was secured and kept steady; this cord was made of the fibres of the birch, very neatly plaited together, and exceedingly strong. The men threw the noose with such exactness, that even at a considerable distance, it hardly ever failed to light upon the horns of the deer for which it was intended, though in the thickest of the herd...During the short time the animal was being milked, the rope was held either by one of the women, or secured to one of the birch shrubs, some of the thickest of which, having been stripped of their leaves, are left standing for this purpose... Many of the deer, however, instead of being as patient as is usually imagined, were very restless, frequently even throwing the women down and butting at them with their horns. This the latter seemed to mind but little; but, strong as the Laplanders are, they appeared to have little power over these animals, for when one of them had the cord round its horns, and refused to be milked, it dragged the holder round the enclosure with ease...The quantity of milk given by each deer hardly exceeds a teacupful; but it is extremely rich, of a fine flavor, and thought superior to cream.

Midnight had passed before the whole of the herd had been milked. The sun had left the heavens about an hour, but a deep orange tint on the line of the horizon showed that it was not far below it...The deer were at length turned out of the fold, and spreading themselves along the sides of the mountains, were quickly lost to view...The Laplanders, after collecting the milk they had obtained, asked Mr. Brooke to supper. The invitation being accepted, they soon found themselves seated on reindeer skins, strewn upon the ground...The cheesemaking then commenced. The milk from the bowls was emptied into a large iron pot, which was placed over the fire in the middle of the tent, and the smoke of which penetrated every corner, and made the tears stream from the eyes of the guests...The only outlet provided for the smoke was at the top of the tent; and in order, in some

measure, to avoid its annoying and painful influence, Mr. Brooke lay down flat on the floor, by which he was enabled to breathe more freely...After remaining a short time on the fire, the milk assumed the consistency* of curd; and being taken off, was placed in small moulds made of beech-wood, and pressed together. The number of cheeses thus made was about eight, of the size of a common plate, and barely an inch in thickness...The whey and curds that remained served for the supper; "but," says our traveller, "our appetite was greatly lessened from observing the dirty habits of the host and hostess: they eagerly licked the bottoms of the bowls which had contained the milk. The oily drippings from the cheeses which hung over the blazing fire, were also licked up with evident relish... The whole group was certainly a curious one. Opposite us, round the fire, were the uncouth figures of the Laplanders, squatted on their haunches. In one corner were two children, asleep on deer skins; and more than twenty small dogs were also taking their repose about us...It was soon time for the men to commence their nightly employment of watching the deer; and, accordingly, one of them left the tent. On making a signal, about half the dogs, whose turn it was to commence the watch, started suddenly up, and followed their master to the mountains...I was greatly surprised to find the rest take no notice of the summons, and remain quietly stretched on the deer-skins, well aware, singular as it may seem, that it was not their turn."

Footprints of Travellers.

* *Consistency, firmness, solidity—opposed to fluidity.*

THE FARÖES*: EXCURSION TO EIDE.

A NATIVE boat with four men was at the ship's side punctually at six in the morning, and we, having swallowed a light breakfast, were soon ready to start. There was a fine bright sky, with scarcely any wind to give us either aid or hindrance.

Rowing at the rate of about three miles an hour—for the Faröese boatmen are by no means disposed to overtask themselves, and they row with short weak oars—we passed along a glassy fiord, with lofty cliffs rising close upon our left, showing clearly the bedding of the trap †...Flitting sea-birds, a few fishing-boats scattered here and there, now and then the projection of a porpoise-fin above the waves, are the sole objects that give life to the scene...By and by, we cross the openings of branch-fiords, receding amongst masses of dark mountains. Sometimes an unusual extent of green slope, rising from the shore, gives occasion for a small farming-establishment, where lives a family that probably never has any intercourse with others except by boat...Everywhere the country is seen to have the same kind of structure; and, being so clearly laid bare, we know what it is composed of ten miles off as well as on the hillside we are passing. Even the remotest mountain-tops betray what they are, without putting us to the slightest trouble...In the sound, we are simply passing through an excavated valley, built up on each side of alternate trap and tufa, forming long and gently rising terraces, on many of which the snow still rests. A loftier hill, such as Skellingfield, which we get a glimpse of through a side fiord, rising 3000 feet straight up from the sea, is merely a mass containing a few additional courses of this grand natural masonry.

Excepting that recent débris ‡ from the mountains has, in

* *Faröes*, or sheep islands. As the last syllable means "islands," it is a pleonasm to call them *Faröe Islands*. The name is the Faröer, the Faroes, or the Feroes. They are a group of islands to the north of Shetland, belonging to Denmark; and they consist of rugged rocks and barren heath.

† *Trap*, a rock of volcanic origin. See Natural Science section of Book IV. Both Iceland and the Faröes are composed of this rock.

‡ *Débris* (pron. deh-bree), loose stones, and powdery earth or rubbish blown or washed from heights.

many places, made green slopes at the bottom, there is a general bareness and sterility over this island landscape.

At length, after six hours of very slow rowing, we reached the village of Eide—a cluster of rude wooden cottages, much like those in Thorshavn*, but the whole bearing a still homelier and, if possible, poorer aspect. We landed amidst the usual group of wondering natives, on black rocks besprinkled with odorous relics of fish; and, through one of our boatmen, who understood our language, inquired if a boat with fresh men could be had to take us to the Kodlen...It quickly appeared that the men were all absent at the fishing, so that we should be obliged to continue to use the boat in which we had come from Thorshavn. There was, however, something to be done in the first place—we must see *Paul Jonson's huus*†...It became evident, from the talk of the boatmen, that this was a local wonder, which no traveller could possibly be allowed to escape. There were talkings about other things while we still lingered on the shore: we asked, for example, if there was a church in Eide; but all ended and settled in this one thing—we must see *Paul Jonson's huus*...Resigning ourselves to what seemed inevitable, we were led up through the mazy passages of the village, till we came to a tall narrow house of rude masonry, having an entrance under a small wooden arch inscribed with a verse from the Psalms in Danish...We were speedily conducted up a narrow winding stair into a neat, well-lighted apartment, containing some decent articles of furniture, and a few colored prints on the wall. And here we were received with good-humored civility by an elderly woman, who proved to be Miss Jonson...There was nothing at all remarkable about the house in our eyes. What gave it an attraction in popular regard, was merely its being the only house of more than one story, or possessing accommodations above the humblest in the village, or rather, perhaps, the whole district. Paul Jonson, the deceased father of the present proprietress, was the one rich man of the country, and had made himself immortal by building this mansion.

* *Thorshavn*, the chief town of the group, on Stromøe.

† *Huus* (hoos), house.

It was upon a perfectly smooth sea that we resumed our boat excursion to the Kodlen. In any other circumstances, the danger might have been such as to make us pause. We had only, after all, to row out to the extremity of the sound, scarcely two miles off, in order to see the grand objects we were in quest of...The natural history of the Kodlen and Myling is simply this: the Faroes, all round the outside, are powerfully escarped* by the rage of the ocean; so, wherever high ground is presented in that direction, we find it vertically† cleft to the very summit...At the north-west extremity of the sound, there chances to be high ground; there, accordingly, are cliffs of great height. The Kodlen might be described as a hill with one-half cut away, and the bare section‡ of the remaining half presented to the sea...Our course lay along the base; and so gradually did its wonders creep upon us, that when under its highest part, we had a difficulty in believing—grand as it was—that it reached an elevation of 1134 feet...At about one hundred yards from this cliff, our boat was allowed for awhile to float at ease, the men only taking care that we did not come too near. It was a most magnificent scene...The cliff is absolutely vertical; at one place, it even overhangs. The swell of the calm water, on which our boat rose and fell, was continually advancing to dash itself on the base, or flow into deep dark caves, where its operations were only revealed to us by the roar which it produced...At one place a couple of tall fragments stood at a small distance out from the precipice, one of them pierced below, so as to give it somewhat of the figure of a human being. The excited fancy easily transforms them both into resemblances of humanity, and hence has arisen the name by which they are known, of the Giant and his Wife.

R. Chambers.

* *Escarped*, cut or carved into slopes or cliffs.

† *Vertically*, straight over-head, up and down; perpendicularly.

‡ *Section*, a part cut or separated, and the new surface exposed.

ICELAND: REYKJAVIK TO THE GEYSIRS.

REYKJAVIK*, the capital of Iceland, with its 1200 people, does not, for a metropolis, make an extensive show. The main street runs parallel with the low gravelly beach, with but few houses on the side next the water...In one respect this is a singular-looking place. Nearly all the houses are black. They are principally wooden buildings, one story high, and covered with a coat of tar instead of paint. Sometimes they use tar mixed with clay. The tar at first is dark red, but in a little time it becomes black. They lay it on thick, and it preserves the wood wonderfully...I walked through the lonely streets, and was struck with the appearance of taste and comfort in the modest-looking dwellings. Lace curtains, and frequently crimson ones in addition, and pots of flowers—geraniums, roses, fuchsias, &c.—were in nearly every window. The white painted sash contrasted strongly with the dark, tar-colored wood... After hearing a good deal of the poverty of the Icelanders, and their few resources, I am surprised to find the place look so comfortable and pleasant. The merchant usually has his store and house under one roof...The "cathedral" is a neat, substantial church edifice, built of brick, and surmounted by a steeple. This, with the college, three stories high, the hotel, a two-story building with a square roof running up to a peak, and the governor's house, a long, low, white-washed edifice built of lava, are the largest buildings in Reykjavik. Directly behind the town is a small fresh-water lake, about a mile in length...What surprises me most is the luxuriance of the vegetation. Potatoes several feet high, and in blossom, and fine-looking turnips, and beds of lettuce, appear in almost all the gardens... In the governor's garden I see a very flourishing-looking tree, trained against the south side of a wall. This is not quite large enough for a main-mast to a man-of-war, but still it might make a tolerable cane, that is, provided it was straight. It is about five feet high, and is, perhaps, the largest tree in Iceland...The temperature now, in midsummer, is completely delicious. The people I am highly

* *Pron. Reik-ya-vik.*

pleased with, so far as I have seen them. There is an agreeable frankness about them, and a hearty hospitality not to be mistaken.

I shortly prepared for a journey to the Geysirs. They are only seventy miles from the capital; but if the traveller gets over that ground in two days he will do well. Roads—except mere bridle paths—or vehicles of any kind, are unknown in Iceland...All travelling is on horseback. Immense numbers of horses are bred in the country, and they are exceedingly cheap. As for travelling on foot, even short journeys, no one ever thinks of it. The roads are so bad for walking, and generally so good for riding, that shoe-leather, to say nothing of fatigue, would cost nearly as much as horseflesh. Their horses are certainly serviceable, hardy little animals...A stranger in travelling must always have “a guide;” and if he goes equipped for a journey, and wishes to make good speed, he must have six or eight horses; one each for himself and the guide, and one or two for the baggage; and then as many relay horses...When one set of horses is tired, the saddles are taken off and changed to the others. The relay horses are tied together, and either led or driven; and this is the time they rest. A tent is carried, unless a traveller chooses to take his chance for lodgings...Such a thing as a hotel is not found in Iceland, out of the capital. He must take his provisions with him, as he will be able to get little on his route except milk; sometimes a piece of beef, or a saddle of mutton or venison, and some fresh-water fish. The luggage is carried in packing trunks that are made for the purpose, and fastened to a rude sort of frame that serves as a pack-saddle.

For fully fifteen miles of our journey our path was across a dismal high moor, where to the most of our party there was nothing to be enjoyed but what arose from our own cheerfulness—neither beautiful scenery, nor sublime scenery, nor good honest serviceable scenery, nor any of the works of human industry or ingenuity...It was literally one unvaried scene of iron country, or (more elegantly) an expanse of hard bare rock, of tame outline, half covered with loose blocks, amongst which we had to thread our way, with nothing to guide us but the champ of preceding travellers...

some places, where a streamlet had to be crossed, a

number of blocks had been thrown in across it—a great effort in road-making for the Icelanders, who with delightful simplicity call it a bridge...At other places, the rocky bed of the streamlet became itself the path for a little way; and there a difficulty generally occurred, for the track onward would be, as it were, dispersed, broken up over a wide waste, from which it would not gather again for a mile or two, and this it would be hard to hit without a guide. At some undrained parts, the depth and extent of puddle was astounding; and through it we had to scamper in a cloud of spatterment, that left us anointed from head to heel.

The first relief from the tedium of the moor was when the lake of Thingvalla came full in view. This lake is about ten miles long, and the largest body of water in Iceland. It is of great depth, in some places over 1000 feet deep. The town, or place, or what had been a place, is at the north end of the lake...Just before arriving there, while jogging along on the level ground, we came suddenly upon the brink of an immense chasm, 150 feet deep, and about the same in breadth. This was one of those seams or rents in the earth, common in Iceland; originally a crack in a bed of lava...Its precipitous sides and immense depth seemed at once a bar to our progress; and without a bridge over it, or ropes or wings, we saw no way of getting along without going round it. Without seeing either end, and wondering how we were to get round it, we were told we must go *through it*...And sure enough, the animals, as well as the guides, seemed to understand it; and if we had kept in our saddles I actually believe they would have found their way down this almost perpendicular precipice*...We, however, dismounted, and in a steep defile were shown a passage that much resembled the "Devil's Staircase," at the Pass of Glencoe, in the Highlands of Scotland...By picking and clambering our way down some pretty regular stairs, we made our way to the bottom. There we lay on the turf and admired this singular freak of nature...

* So sure-footed are the ponies, that it is no great feat to keep to the saddle during the descent, as the Editor knows from personal experience.

We were in the bottom of a deep chasm or defile, the wall on the west side being over a hundred feet high and on a level with the country at the top. The wall on the east side was lower, and beyond this wall the country was on a level with the bottom where we were...By walking a short distance to the north, in this singular defile, we found the wall on the east side broken down by a river that poured down the precipice from the west, and being thus imprisoned between two walls, it had thrown down the lowest one, and found its way into the Thingvalla lake. This chasm is called the *Almannagjá* (pronounced Al-man-a-gyow), or "All-men's cave"...The river here, the Oxeraá, in pouring over the precipice, forms a most splendid cataract. On the other side is Thingvalla, which, historically, is the most interesting locality in Iceland. In olden times, the Parliament or Althing met here...The meeting of courts and legislative bodies, among all the Scandinavian tribes, was in the open air. The word Thingvalla is from *thing* (pronounced ting), a court of justice, and *valla*, a plain. Undoubtedly from the same origin are the names of Tingwall, in Shetland, and Dingwall, in the north of Scotland.

The place here where the Althing met was a most singular and convenient one. Except from six to twelve inches or more of soil on top, the earth here is solid rock that was once lava. There are two wide and deep seams or cracks in this lava-rock, that meet at an acute angle, and stretch away in different directions into the plain...Between these, in a small hollow, shaped like an amphitheatre, is the place where the Althing met. These seams or chasms are like natural canals, from twenty to fifty feet wide, and said to be two hundred feet deep...They are filled up to within twenty or thirty feet of the top, with still, black-looking water, and are said to have a subterranean communication with the lake about half a mile distant. Here, on this triangular piece of ground, covered with grassy turf, the general assembly of the nation gathered once a year in the summer season...Those connected with the Althing were inside these natural chasms, but spectators were outside, beyond the boundaries of the court. This was, indeed, a primitive house of representatives.

Rambles in Iceland.

THE GEYSIRS.

THE following day, we came upon a wide flat valley, along which we skirted till we began to see, at the distance of two or three miles, on a piece of sloping ground, under a small hill, a strange assemblage of masses of steam waving in the evening breeze... Our eyes became fixed, of course, on this object, which every minute had a different aspect. Presently, there shot up amongst the waving masses a column of steam, spreading at the top like a tree; and I then felt sure that we were at length approaching the object of our journey ... Crossing the flooded meadow-ground, and passing a farm-house on the hill-face, we came, about ten o'clock at night, to the field which contains these wonderful springs... It was still clear daylight. The ground seemed like a place where some work is going on that calls for extensive boilings of caldrons. Were 5000 washerwomen to work in the open air together, the general effect at a little distance might be somewhat similar.

As the baggage horses, with our tents and beds, had not yet arrived, we sat quietly down to coffee, brewed in Geysir water; when suddenly it seemed as if beneath our very feet a quantity of cannon were going off underground. The whole earth shook ... We set off at full speed toward the Great Geysir, expecting to see the grand water explosion. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight trembling movement in the centre.

Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr, or *the churn*, you must know, is an unfortunate Geysir, with so little command over his temper and his stomach, that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like ... All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods, and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom ... In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered

begins to disagree with him ; he works himself up into an awful passion. Tormented by the qualms of sickness, he groans and hisses, and boils up, and spits at you with malicious vehemence ; until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high. This carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in, and scatters them scalded and half-digested at your feet...So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering ; until at last nature is exhausted. Then, sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

As the Great Geysir explodes only once in forty hours or more, it was, of course, necessary that we should wait his pleasure ; in fact, our movements entirely depended on his ...For the next two or three days, therefore, like pilgrims round an ancient shrine, we patiently kept watch ; but he scarcely deigned to favor us with the slightest manifestation of his latent energies...Two or three times the cannonading we had heard immediately after our arrival recommenced ; and once, an eruption, to the height of about ten feet, occurred. But so brief was its duration, that by the time we were on the spot, although the tent was not eighty yards distant, all was over...At length, after three days' watching in languid expectation of the eruption, our desire was gratified. A cry from the guides made us start to our feet and rush towards the basin. The usual underground thunders had already commenced ; a violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool.

Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell ; immediately after which, a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapor, sprang about seventy feet into the air ; and, in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silvery crests against the sky ... For a few minutes the fountain held its own ; then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered, drooped, fell, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses from which they had sprung.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features...The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power, the immeasurable breadth of sun-lit vapor rolling in exhaustless abundance, all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements.*

Dufferin.

ADVENTURERS IN SPITZBERGEN.

In the year 1743, a Russian merchant, named Okladmkof, sent out a vessel, with fourteen men, for whale or seal-fishing on the coast of Spitzbergen. For the first few days they had fair wind; but its change presently drove them to the east of the island instead of the west, which was the usual fishing station; and when within two miles of the shore they found themselves in extreme danger, owing to their being suddenly surrounded with ice...In this perilous position the mate, Alexis Himkof, recollected having heard that some of his countrymen, intending to winter there, had built a wooden hut at some distance

* With regard to the internal machinery by which these water-works are set in motion, I will only say that the most received theory seems to be that which supposes the existence of a chamber in the heated earth. This is almost, but not quite, filled with water, and communicating with the upper air by means of a natural funnel, whose orifice, instead of being in the roof, is at the side of the cavern, and below the surface of the subterranean pond. The water, kept by the surrounding heat at boiling point, generates, of course, a continuous supply of steam, for which some vent must be obtained. As it cannot escape by the funnel, the lower mouth of which is under water, it squeezes itself up within the arching roof, until at last, compressed beyond all endurance, it strains against the rock. Pushing down the intervening waters with its broad strong back, it forces them below the level of the funnel, and, dispersing a portion, and driving part before it, rushes forth in triumph to the upper air. The fountains, therefore, that we see mounting to the sky during an eruption, are nothing but the superincumbent mass of waters in the funnel, driven up in confusion before the steam at the moment it obtains its liberation.

from the shore ; and perceiving that if they remained in the ship they must all be lost, they at once determined to seek this place of shelter...Four of the crew—Alexis, Ivan Himkof, his godson, Stephen Scharapof, and Feodor Weregín—set out on this dangerous journey, over loose and rugged ice, tossed hither and thither by the winds and the waves...Some provisions were needful, as they were about to explore an uninhabited coast, but they took as little as possible for fear of adding to the difficulties of the way...A musket, powder-horn, twelve charges of powder, twelve musket-balls, an axe, small kettle, a twenty-pounds bag of flour, tinder-box, tobacco, and a wooden pipe apiece, formed the whole of their store ; and with it they reached the land in safety.

They soon found the hut of which they were in search. It was about a mile and a half from the shore, and consisted of two rooms, an inner and outer one ; the former being the larger of the two. The whole building was thirty-six feet long, eighteen high, and eighteen broad... In the inner room was a Russian stove, which may be described as a kind of oven, without chimney, serving both for cooking and warming the apartment, and, with Russian peasants, for a sleeping place...The hut was much the worse for age and weather ; but they were well pleased to spend the night in it. Early in the morning they hastened to carry the good news to their companions, and to procure more provisions—powder and shot, clothing, and other requisites for their plan of passing the winter there. But it may be imagined what horror seized these poor men, when, on reaching the shore, no vessel was to be seen, and the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was entirely free from the ice, which only the day before had covered it...Whether the ship had been dashed to pieces by the ice in the storm, or whether it had been driven out to sea, they knew not...But it was gone, and they were destitute on that miserable, uninhabited coast, whence they had no hope of ever escaping, as the whalers sailed only to the western side of the island.

To procure food, and render the hut habitable, were their first cares in this dreadful condition. Their twelve

musket-balls killed them as many reindeer: and the hut was the more easily repaired as the beams were sound—wood does not soon decay in that intense cold; and they had their axe, in the use of which Russian peasants, who are all good carpenters, are very skilful...Moss abounds in the island; and with this they filled up the crevices between the boards of their house, so as to keep out the biting air...The great difficulty, where neither tree nor even shrub grew, was how to get fire, without which it was impossible to exist. Fortunately this pressing want was supplied, first by timber from wrecks thrown upon the beach, and afterwards by trees, roots and all, which drifted on shore they knew not whence...One day, just when they were fearing they must perish of hunger, as all their powder was gone, and they had nearly eaten up the reindeer which they had killed, they found upon the beach, among the drift wood, some boards with a long iron hook, some nails five or six inches long, and other bits of iron fixed in them; and out of these simple materials they most ingeniously contrived to make a couple of lances...The large hook was converted into a hammer, by heating it, and then, with a large nail, widening a hole in the middle of it. In this hole the handle was fixed, while a button at one end of the hook formed the face of the hammer...Their anvil was a large pebble; a couple of reindeer horns served for tongs; and with these rude tools they fashioned two spear-heads. These were sharpened and polished on stones, and then bound with thongs of reindeer skin to some branches of trees, as thick as the arm, cast up by the waves...Armed with these spears, they attacked a white bear, and, after a desperate fight, succeeded in killing it. Here was more food; and they exceedingly liked the meat, which tasted like beef, while to their joy, they found that the tendons of the bear might easily be separated into threads fine enough to string a bow which they had made out of the curved root of a drift fir-tree...They then forged some pieces of iron of a similar shape to the spear-heads, "but smaller: and these, sharpened as before on the stones, were firmly tied with bear sinews to pieces of fir to form the head of their arrows...Sea-fowl feathers were by the same means

A WHALE-FISHING ADVENTURE.

IN the afternoon of a day which had been rather stormy, while we were fishing in the North Pacific, a "school" of young bull-whales made their appearance close to the ship. The two boats were instantly lowered, for we were unable to send more. They soon got near the whales, but were, unfortunately, seen by them before they could dart the harpoon with any chance of success, and the consequence was, the "pod"* of whales separated, and went off with great swiftness in different directions...One, however, after making several turns, came at length right towards the captain's boat, which he observing, waited in silence for his approach without moving an oar, so that the "young bull" came close by his boat, and received the blow of the harpoon some distance behind his "hump"...The whale appeared terror-struck for a few seconds, and then, suddenly recovering itself, darted off like the wind, and spun the boat so quickly round when the tug came upon the line, that she was very nearly being upset...But away they went, "dead to windward," at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, right against a "head sea," which flew against and over the bows of the boat with uncommon force, so that she made a high bank of surf on each side.

The second mate, having observed the course of the whale and boat, managed to waylay them, and when they came near to him, which they speedily did, a short "warp"† was thrown, and both boats were soon towed at nearly the same rate as the captain's boat had been before...I now saw the captain darting the lance at the whale as it almost flew along, but he did not seem to do so with any kind of effect, as the speed of the whale did not appear in the least diminished, and in a very short time they all disappeared together, being at too great a distance to be seen with the naked eye from the deck...I now ran aloft, and with the aid of a telescope could barely discern from the mast head the three objects. I could just observe the two boats, with the whale's head occasionally darted out before them,

* *Pod*, properly a seed vessel; used here for shoal or school.

† *Warp*, here a towing line; in manufactures, the threads which are stretched lengthwise in the loom and crossed by the woof.

which convinced me that the whale was still running...I watched them with the glass until I could no longer trace them, even in the most indistinct manner, and I then called to those on deck that they might take the bearing by compass of the direction in which I had lost sight of them, that we might continue to "beat" the ship up to that quarter.

It was now within half an hour of sunset, and there was every appearance of the coming on of an "ugly night," as a seaman would say; indeed, the wind began to freshen every moment, and an "awkward bubble" of a sea soon began to wake. I remained aloft until I saw the sun dip, angry and red, below the troubled horizon...Our captain and second mate, with ten of the crew, must, thought we, by this time all be lost, in the stormy night which had now set in. The wind howled hoarsely through the rigging, and the waves beat savagely against our ship...We, however, kept beating the ship to windward constantly, carrying all the sail that she could bear, making "short boards,"* or putting about every twenty minutes. We had also, since nightfall, continued to burn blue lights, and we had likewise a large vessel, containing oil and unravelled rope, burning over the stern-rail of the ship, as a beacon for them...Although all eyes were employed in every direction searching for the boats, no vestige of them could be seen; and, therefore, we made up our minds that they were all lost...But at the moment despair was firmly settling upon us, a man from aloft called out that he could see a light right a-head of the ship, just as we were "going about," by which movement we should have gone from it. We all looked in that direction, and, in a few minutes, we could plainly perceive it: in a short time we were close up with it, when, to our great joy, we found the captain and all the men in the boats, lying to leeward of the dead whale, which had, in some measure, saved them from the violence of the sea... They had only just been able to secure a light, having unfortunately upset all their tinder.

After having secured the whale alongside, they all came on board, and their deliverance seemed as a ray of light amidst the gloom.

* Making "short boards," tacking often.

SEAL HUNTING.

WE found, narrates Captain Parry, a party of Esquimaux seated on a high hummock* of ice, with their spears in their hands, looking out for seals. After we had talked to them for a few minutes, Okatook suddenly started up and set off along the edge of the ice, without giving us or his companions the least warning... The latter seemed so much accustomed to this, that they took no further notice than by immediately following him, and we did the same, the whole party walking at a very quick rate, and the natives keeping their heads constantly turned towards the sea to look out for seals.

After being thus engaged for an hour and a half, we judged, from the motions of a party at some distance beyond us, that they had game in view. As we approached them, Okatook evidently began to be apprehensive that we, who did not understand the matter, would spoil their sport... To prevent this, he did the most civil thing that could well have been devised. He sent his companions one by one to the spot, and remained with us himself, keeping us at such a distance as to allow us to see their proceedings without alarming the animal they were in pursuit of... The other seven Esquimaux, now forming one party, disposed themselves into a single line, so as to make as small an appearance as possible in the direction in which they were going. In this manner they crept very cautiously towards the margin of the floe.†

On a sudden they all stooped down quite low, to hide themselves, and continued thus a quarter of an hour, during which time they prepared their lines and spears. Then, when the animal appeared to be intercepted‡ from their view, they again took the opportunity of gaining a few paces upon him in the same cautious manner as before... When they had been thus occupied for a full hour, alternately creeping and stooping down, the seal, which had been lying on the ice, took the water, and they then gave up the chase.

* *Hummock* : see page 169.

† *Floe* : see page 168.

‡ *Intercepted*, cut off by the interposition of some obstacle.

As we returned towards the land, we came to a small rising on the level surface of the floe, not larger than a common mole-hill, and of much the same shape. At this one of the Esquimaux immediately stopped...His companions, still walking on, called us away, and explained that what we saw was the work of a seal; and that it was probable the animal was about to complete his hole and to come up on the ice: in which case the man would endeavour to kill him...We watched the man at the hole, however, with a glass, for more than half an hour, observing him constantly putting his head down towards the ice, as if in the act of listening for the seal, but without otherwise changing his position. After this, nevertheless, he followed us on board without success.

If, however, a man has any reason to suppose that a seal is at work beneath, he immediately attaches himself to the place, and seldom leaves it till he has succeeded in killing the animal...For this purpose he first builds a snow-wall about four feet in height, to shelter him from the wind, and, seating himself under the lee of it, deposits his spear, lines, and other implements upon several little forked sticks inserted into the snow, in order to prevent the smallest noise being made in moving them when wanted...But the most curious precaution to the same effect consists in tying his own knees together, with a thong, so securely as to prevent any rustling of his clothes, which might otherwise alarm the animal. In this situation a man will sit quietly sometimes for hours together, attentively listening to any noise made by the seal...When he supposes the hole to be nearly completed, he cautiously lifts his spear, to which the line has been previously attached, and as soon as the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard, at a point where the ice is very thin, he drives it into him with the force of both arms. He then cuts away with his hatchet the remaining crust of ice, to enable him to repeat the wounds and get him out...The *netsik** is the only seal killed in this manner, and, being the smallest, is held, while struggling,

* *Netsik*, the same species of seal which is occasionally found on the British coasts, especially the Irish. They are fast becoming rare.

either simply by the hand, or by putting the line round a spear with the point stuck into the ice...For the *oguke*, the line is passed round the man's leg or arm; and for a walrus, round his body, his feet being at the same time firmly set against a hummock of ice, in which position these people can from habit hold against a very heavy strain. Boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age consider themselves equal to the killing of a *netsik*, but it requires a full-grown person to master any of the larger animals.

Parry.

PERILS OF SEAL HUNTING.

WE emerged upon an ice plain, unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a slate. Feathers of young hoar-frost gave a plush-like nap to its surface, and toward the horizon dark columns of frost-smoke pointed clearly to the open water... This ice was firm enough: our experience satisfied us that it was not a very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation, cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals...We passed a second ice-growth: it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went, at a brisker gallop, perhaps for another mile, when Hans sang out, at the top of his voice, "Pusey! puseymut! seal, seal!" At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and as I looked up, I saw crowds of gray netsik, the rough seal of the whalers, disporting in an open sea of water.

I had hardly welcomed the spectacle, when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right, and left, and front, was one great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the white level...To turn was impossible. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sledge runners: it was more than a mile to the solid ice. Fear gave the poor beasts their utmost speed, and our voices were soon hushed to silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort, was intolerable; we knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended upon our dogs, and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tide-way: no presence of mind, or resource bodily or mental, could avail us...The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity which seems to be their characteristic expression: we must have passed some fifty of them breast high out of water, mocking us by their self-complacency.

This desperate race against fate could not last: the rolling of the tough salt water ice terrified our dogs; and when within fifty paces of the floe they paused. The left-hand runner went through: our leader "Toodlamick" followed, and in one second the entire left of the sledge was submerged...My first thought was to liberate the dogs. I leaned forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water alongside him...Hans, dear good fellow, drew near to help me, uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and so make for the island by cogging himself forward with his jack-knife. In the mean time—a mere instant—I was floundering about with sledge, dogs, and lines, in confused puddle around me.

I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's lines and letting him scramble to the ice, for he was drowning me with his piteous caresses, and made my way for the sledge; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole...Around this I paddled cautiously, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodgment were greatest. During this process I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort...Hans meanwhile had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in English and Esquimaux; at every fresh crushing-in of the ice he would ejaculate "God!" and when I recommenced my paddling, he recommenced his

prayers...I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs; and a spare one which I carried in my trousers' pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it. I owed my extrication at last to a recently broken team dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in struggling carried one of the runners right against the edge of the circle...All my previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through, to the much greater injury of the ice. I felt that it was a last chance...I threw myself on my back, so as to lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim or edge of the ice; then with caution slowly bent my leg, and, placing the ball of my moccasined* foot against the sledge, I pressed steadily against the runners, listening to the half-yielding crunch of the ice beneath. Presently I felt that my head was pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur collar was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulders; they were fairly on. One more decided push, and I was launched up on the ice, and safe...I reached the ice-floe, and was rubbed by Hans with frightful violence. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge, tent, guns, snow-shoes, and every thing besides, were left behind.

Kane's Arctic Travels.

* Covered with a *moccasin*,—a rude kind of shoe made of deer skin, the customary shoe worn by the native Indians.

Poetry.

POETRY.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

IN distant countries have I been,
And yet, I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads alone,
But such an one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet;
Sturdy he seem'd, though he was sad,
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turn'd aside,
As if he wish'd himself to hide;
Then with his coat he made essay
To drive those briny tears away.
I follow'd him, and said—"My friend,
What ails you? wherefore weep you so?"
—"Shame on me sir! this lusty lamb,
He makes my tears to flow:—
To-day, I fetch'd him from the rock—
He is the last of all my flock.

"When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little giv'n to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

"Year after year my stock it grew;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I rais'd,
As sweet a flock as ever graz'd!
Upon the mountain did they feed;
They throve, and we at home did thrive:
—This lusty lamb, of all my store,
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

"Six children, sir, had I to feed;
Hard labour in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our grief,
I of the parish ask'd relief.
They said I was a wealthy man—
My sheep upon the mountain fed—
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread."
"Do this; how can we give to you,"
They cried, "what to the poor is due?"

"I sold a sheep as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food;
—For me, it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me
To see the end of all my gains—
The pretty flock which I had rear'd,
With all my care and pains,—
To see it melt like snow away!
For me it was a woeful day.

"Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopp'd—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropp'd.
Till thirty were not left alive,
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
And I may say that, many a time,
I wish'd they all were gone—
Reckless of what might come at last,
Were but the bitter struggle past.

"To wicked deeds I was inclin'd,
 And wicked fancies cross'd my mind;
 And every man I chanc'd to see,
 I thought he knew some ill of me.
 No peace, no comfort, could I find;
 No ease, within doors, or without;
 And crazily, and wearily,
 I went my work about,—
 Bent oftentimes to flee from home,
 And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

"Sir, 'twas a precious flock to me,
 As dear as my own children be;
 For daily with my growing store,
 I lov'd my children more and more.
 Alas! it was an evil time!
 God cursed me in my sore distress;
 I pray'd, yet every day I thought
 I lov'd my children less;
 And every week, and every day,
 My flock it seem'd to melt away.

"They dwindled, sir, sad sight to see!
 From ten to five, from five to three,—
 A lamb, a wether, and an ewe;—
 And then at last from three to two:—
 And of my fifty, yesterday,
 I had but only one;
 —And here it lies upon my arm,
 Alas! and I have none;—
 To-day I fetch'd it from the rock;
 It is the last of all my flock!"

Wordsworth.

THE MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song:
 'To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:—
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
 The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
 "Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!"
 "A God, a God!" the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains! and, ye valleys, rise!
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear!
 From every face he wipes off every tear:
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes :
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and stately box adorn ;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
Pleased, the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple band ;

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

Pope.



THE SABBATH MORN.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labour: hush'd
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's so
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
 That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, mid-way up the hill ;
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, peace o'er yon village broods !
 The dizzy mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
 Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
 Stops and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheeded of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, SABBATH! thee I hail, the poor man's day!
On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screen'd from the Winter's cold,
And Summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;—
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face, and upward earnest eye.

Hail, SABBATH! thee I hail the poor man's day!
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke:
While wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on HIM, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its root; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one SABBATH without end!

Grahame.

BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant
land of France!

And thou, Rochelle! our own Rochelle! proud city of the
waters!

Again let raptures light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold, and stiff, and still are they, who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :
 And as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
 flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood ;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our lord the
 King."

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of
 war ;
 And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres and Almayne.
 " Now by the lips of those you love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies ! upon them with the lance !"
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
 crest.
 And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding
 star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now God be praised ! the day is ours : Mayenne hath turn'd
 his rein—
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count is slain :
 Their ranks are breaking, like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
 The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
 mail.

And then we thought on vengeance ; and, all along our van,
 "Remember Saint Bartholomew !" was pass'd from man to
 man :

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe ;
 Down, down, with every foreigner ; but let your brethren go !"
 Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Luceigne !
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
 return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
 souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
 bright !

Ho ! burghers of Saint Geneviève, keep watch and ward to-
 night !

For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the
 slave,

And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

Macaulay.

THE BUILDERS.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

THERE's an isle far off, under India's skies,
 Where the mariner oft at eve descries,
 When the heavens are calm, and the winds asleep,
 Dark ruins beneath the shining deep,
 Of towers up-built, as the tale is told,
 By Lords of that isle, in days of old ;
 Who, aping the Babel-builders' skill,
 Heap'd stone on stone, aspiring still,
 Till, lodged aloft on their piles of pride,
 Earth, sea, and heaven, these Lords defied.

But little they knew when towering so,
 What a mighty power was at work below,
 For on land usurp'd from the Giant Sea
 They had built their halls of dignity,

Nor dreamt, while high in air they slept,
Of the world of waters, that round them swept,
And the working waves, that day by day
Were mining their massive mounds away.

In vain did the wise, whose prescient ear
The coming crash in each breeze could hear,
Forewarn these Lords of the lofty towers,
How vast were the deep's encroaching powers,
How mighty the waves of that angry sea,
Coming like crested chivalry;
It was all in vain—unmoved they stood,
Each like Canute to the swelling flood
Saying, "Thou com'st not to this spot;"
But the surging waters heard them not.
In the light of heaven one instant shone
Both Lords and towers, and the next—were gone.
Dark over them swept the mighty main;
And the Giant Sea had his own again.

T. Moore.

AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

[From THE PARISH REGISTER.]

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved:
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.
I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried:
The still tears, trickling down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride:
Nor pride in learning—though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;—

Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew
 None his superior, and his equals few :—
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd ;
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;
 Pride, in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
 Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied ;
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;
 I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honour'd head ;
 No more that awful glance on playful wight,
 Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
 To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
 Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile ;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith (to give it force,) are there :
 But he is bless'd, and I lament no more,
 A wise good man, contented to be poor.

Crabbe.

GELERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn,
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Obey'd Llewellyn's horn.

But still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer :
 " Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

" Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ?
 The flower of all his race !
 So true, so brave ; a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase ! "

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John ;
 But now no Gelert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare :
And scant and small the booty proved ;
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied ;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore ;
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet :
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view !

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
The blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied ;
He search'd with terror wild ;
Blood ! Blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child !

"Monster ! by thee my child's devour'd !"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side !—

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry.

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
 His hurried search had miss'd,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
 But the same couch beneath
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—
 Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
 For now the truth was clear;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewellyn's heir!

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe,—
 "Best of thy kind, adieu!
 The frantic deed which laid thee low,
 This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture deck'd;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
 And oft, as ev'ning fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell!

Spencer.



THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould;
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
 That my child is grave and wise of head, beyond his childish years.
 I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
 And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;

I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
And loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought that fills his
mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk ;
Nor cares he much for childish play, doats not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little head is busy still, and oftentimes perplex'd
With thoughts about this world of care, and thoughts about the
next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn are the words which he will
say.

Oh ! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be ;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three,
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be ;
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eyes are, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of mind and tender feeling,
And his very look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folks, who pass him in the
street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his quiet song of love, when left to play alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and hearth,
'To comfort us in all our griefs and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As meet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love ;
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes may dim,
God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him !

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by months and years, where he is gone to
dwell ;

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven,
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth won.

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow :
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth
feel,

Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know, for God doth tell me this, that now he is at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast ;

I know his spirit feels no more the weary load of flesh,

But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh ;

I know that we shall meet our babe, his mother dear and I,

When God himself shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease,

Their lot may here be grief and care, but *his* is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles *their* souls from bliss may sever,

But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for ever !

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still may be,

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's

misery ;

When we groan beneath this load of sin and feel this grief and

pain,

Oh ! we 'd rather lose our other two than have him back again.

Moultrie.

MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies:
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls : ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep :
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

Milton.

ADAM'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CREATION.

FOR man to tell how human life began,
 Is hard : for who himself beginning knew ?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induces me. New-waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat ; which with his beams the sun
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight towards heaven my wand'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gazed awhile the ample sky ; till, raised
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew ;
 Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled ;
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd !
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb

Survey'd ; and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led :
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;
 My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. "Thou sun," said I, "fair light !
 And thou, enlighten'd earth ! so fresh and gay ;
 Ye hills and dales ; ye rivers, woods, and plains ;
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures ! tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus ?—how here ? "

Milton.

WOLSEY'S FALL.

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.
 Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee ;
 Say Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me !
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, oh, Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And—prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies !

Shakespeare.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

[From JULIUS CÆSAR.]

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen ! lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do, lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones :
 So let it be with Cæsar !—Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious—
 If it was so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it !
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
 For Brutus is an honourable man !
 So are they all ! all honourable men—
 Come I to speak at Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man !
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff !—
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man !
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?—
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And sure he is an honourable man !
 I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once ; not without cause :
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
 O judgment ! thou hast fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me :
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar :
 And I must pause till it come back to me !

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
 And none so poor as do him reverence !
 O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men !—
 I will not do them wrong : I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men !—
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
 I found it in his closet—'tis his will !
 Let but the commons hear his testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory ;
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue !—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle ? I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on :
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
 That day he overcame the Nervii !—
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through !—

See what a rent the envious Casca made!—
Through this—the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!—
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!—
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,—
Which all the while ran blood,—great Cæsar fell!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by traitors!
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honourable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts!
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves his friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me! But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

Shakespeare.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village pastor's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Goldsmith.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life hath pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last:
 Those lips are thine—thine own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails; else, how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 Oh! welcome guest, though unexpected here;
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long!
 I will obey,—not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own;
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
 Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ?—it was—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown :
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return :
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
 By hopes unfounded every day beguiled,
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learnt at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor :
 And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt,
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin
 (And thou, e'en happier than myself the while,
 Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Cooper.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place!

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own!
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,—
 O had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth ;
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford !
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd !

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report,
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends,—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 —O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see !

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light !
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 —But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair !

But the sea-fowl is gone to her rest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place ;
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

Cowper.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
 Take back this name of splendid sound!
 I hate the touch of servile hands,
 I hate the slaves that cringe around.
 Place me along the rocks I love,
 Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
 I ask but this—again to rove
 Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
 The world was ne'er design'd for me:
 Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
 The hour when man must cease to be?
 Once I beheld a splendid dream,
 A visionary scene of bliss:
 Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
 Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
 Had friends—my early friends are fled:
 How cheerless feels the heart alone
 When all its former hopes are dead!
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul.
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
 Associates of the festive hour.

Give me again a faithful few,
 In years and feelings still the same,
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all!
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.

Byron.

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
 And climb'd thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow!
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas center'd in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
 But still I perceive an emotion the same
 As I felt when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
 One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd;
 And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn ; with my dog as my guide,
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along ;
 I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's song :
 At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view ;
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone ;
 The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more ;
 As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
 And delight but in days I have witness'd before :
 Ah ! splendour has raised, but embitter'd, my lot ;
 More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew ;
 Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot ;
 Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
 I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen ;
 When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
 I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene ;
 When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
 That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
 I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
 The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
 Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow ;
 But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
 Will Mary be there to receive me ?—ah no !
 Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred !
 Thou sweet-flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !
 No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—
 Ah ! Mary, what home could be mine but with you ?
Byron.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth

Swung blind and blackening in the moodless air ;
 Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light :
 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
 The palaces of crown'd kings—the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face ;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch :
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd ;
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
 The brows of men by the despairing light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down
 And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world ; and then again
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd : the wild birds shriek'd,
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
 And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes
 Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawl'd
 And twined themselves among the multitude,
 Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food :
 And War, which for a moment was no more,
 Did glut himself again ;—a meal was bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
 Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
 All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
 Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd ;
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,

Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
 Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
 Of an enormous city did survive,
 And they were enemies: they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
 For an unholy usage; they raked up,
 And shivering, scraped with their cold skeleton hands
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd and died—
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
 The populous and the powerful was a lump
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
 The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perish'd! Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe!

Byron.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;

Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail ;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unarm'd and alone,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth :
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole :
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blond

The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend :
 Here woman reigns : the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land **THY COUNTRY**, and that spot **THY HOME** !

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods ;
 In California's pathless world of woods ;
 Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
 Looks down in scorn upon the Summer zone ;
 By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
 Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles ;
 On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health ;
 In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth ;
 Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
 Midst weeping willows on Euphrates' brink ;
 On Carmel's crest ; by Jordan's reverend stream,
 Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream ;
 Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
 And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
 Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
 Her subject mountains, and dishonour'd vales ;
 Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
 Around the beauteous isle of liberty ;
 Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest.

Montgomery.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest :—

How sweet, when labours close,

To gather round an aching breast

The curtain of repose,—

Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head

Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
 The gay romance of life ;
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,
 Mix in fantastic strife ;
 Ah ! visions less beguiling far,
 Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;—
 'To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield,
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sung, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;—
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years ;
 Hopes that were angels at their birth,
 But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away ;
 So will His followers do,—
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease,—
 Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends ;—that death be mine.

J. Montgomery.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

'TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow.

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